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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

London County Council elections do not raise a white heat of interest, hardly a red heat, in the public. It is an odd paradox that most people care so little for the things in public life that directly concern them daily. They cannot be made to trouble themselves about municipal affairs—probably not much above 50 per cent. will vote on Thursday; but in a parliamentary election they will nearly all vote—90 per cent., quite. Yet London affairs are large enough to touch any ratepayer's imagination, and, as they certainly touch his pocket, one would have thought the appeal would be strong. One reason, no doubt, of this mild attention to L.C.C. things is that it is all a matter of detailed administration, which only those concerned in it can really follow. Education is an exception, truly, but it is a point of honour with Englishmen not to be interested in education. It is all detail, and if you are not up in the details, it is not very easy to find a clear line between the two parties.

Politics apart, we incline to the Municipal Reformers, because they seem to us to enter into municipal work in the right spirit. Municipal work is administration, not legislation. It is, or ought to be, painstaking and laborious attention to the duties vast, essential, but necessarily rather humdrum, assigned to the Council. The Municipal Reformers seem to us to stick to their last; the Progressives are always trying to get away from it. It is always obvious that they do not think the work really big enough for their great minds. They are always looking away from their business to larger ideas, which means that business is neglected. Lord Morley long ago, and for all time, dubbed (thereby damning them with great praise) the Progressives "Young men who dream dreams". Well, we would

rather not have dreamers to look after our drains and our fire brigade and our trams. Dreams are very expensive and end in nothing.

But we are not going to pretend for one moment that our interest in these elections is not mainly political. The time for keeping up the pretence of L.C.C. elections being non-political has long gone by. The Radicals jockeyed us in the early days that way, but not now! Every Unionist ought at all costs to make a point of voting for the Municipal Reformers on Thursday. He is helping his side as much by doing that as by voting in a parliamentary election. It would greatly strengthen the Government if the Radicals won this L.C.C. election. A Radical Government and a Radical County Council at the same time would be very unpleasant. We must keep the Council at all costs, and so prepare the way for the capture of London at the next General Election.

The Government could no longer disregard the efforts of Mrs. Pankhurst to be arrested. The Cardiff speech was the climax of a series. Mrs. Pankhurst has all through this last outbreak of militancy insisted that she was the head and front of the conspiracy. Every fresh outrage was followed by a speech in which she accepted full responsibility, and wondered why the Government continued to give her rein. "I ought not to be here", she said on one occasion, "if the laws of the country are effectively administered." The explosion at Walton Heath has forced the Government's hand.

The reluctance of the Government to prosecute is easily understood. Forcible feeding and the making of martyrs is not a pleasant job. That the Government have moved at last means that the Government could not help themselves. Public opinion will no longer tolerate any omission to bring these anarchists to a trial. Suffragette meetings all over the country are being broken up; the last decent supporters of the movement are falling away. Feeling runs so hotly against them that the next suffragette caught red-handed at a pillar-box will be lucky if there should be a policeman on the spot to arrest and to protect her.

Mrs. Pankhurst's undertaking to keep quiet has relieved Mr. McKenna for the time being. There is no doubt that he, at any rate, is heartily sick and afraid of the whole business. Mr. McKenna's remedy is to let the women out on any pretext. The Mayor of Richmond has made that—for the future—rather more difficult. He has this week protested vigorously against the release of Miss Lenton, the suffragette of Kew pavilion. Magistrates hardly want to spend their time giving sentences that are immediately rescinded.

Mr. Cecil Chesterton appeared at Bow Street on Wednesday to the summons for libel taken out against him by Mr. Godfrey Isaacs for his articles in the "Eye" and "New" "Witness". As this is a proceeding against Mr. Chesterton as editor of a newspaper, Mr. Isaacs had previously to obtain an order from a Judge in Chambers allowing him to apply to a magistrate for the summons. Mr. Chesterton made an application for adjournment on the strength of what he understood to be the conditions laid down by the Judge in view of his being called as a witness before the Select Committee. Sir A. de Rutzen, however, decided that there was no reason why the hearing should be adjourned, and yesterday committed Mr. Chesterton for trial.

Mr. Chesterton appears to have thought that the magistrate would not commit for trial before Mr. Isaacs had given evidence and the opportunity of cross-examination. But Mr. Muir stated that he should ask for a committal, and that Mr. Isaacs would not give evidence until the trial, supposing the magistrate committed. It is only in fact where a newspaper is charged and the magistrate thinks a libel proved, and the defendant will accept his summary judgment without insisting on a jury, that he has jurisdiction to inquire into the defence of truth and public interest. Otherwise, if he thinks the libel and its publication proved, he has simply to commit for trial. Besides, it is only a question of tactics whether a complainant shall give evidence at all if he can prove the libel without going into the box.

There still seems to be a good deal of doubt whether it was Venus that was seen over Hull, or whether it was Zeppelin. The untrained eye, like the untrained intelligence, is notoriously not a thing to trust in implicitly for nice observations. Moreover many people busy with other affairs will often, in a perfectly innocent way, confuse something they have seen in print with something they believe they have seen in fact. Thus, after reading a great deal about, say, a mysterious or menacing aeroplane, there are plenty of people who believe that at such and such an hour, on such and such a day, they heard its whirr overhead. After all the world of fancy is near related to the world of fact. John Bright, through dwelling on the angel of death, seemed to hear the beating of its wings in the House of Commons.

Thus it may have been only Venus over the Humber, or even a large migration of some birds of passage at night. Yet the scare will be of some service if it concentrates public attention on the whole question of airships and aeroplanes. Whilst Germany has taken great pains over her airships, and France has done quite wonderful things with her large fleet of aeroplanes, England has officially done next to nothing. England is utterly outclassed by France. At the great review of ships at Spithead last summer it could only send up a miserly little fleet of two aeroplanes. The third was crumpled up before its pilot had a chance to fly it. We mentioned the incident at the time, and several well-meaning, but not well-informed, naval writers contradicted us. Hence we think it well to tell the whole humiliating story in another part of the Review to-day.

After the inglorious and unnecessary accident—due wholly to the authorities, not in any way to our naval officers—the tug holding the broken aeroplane was held up till nightfall, so that the thing

might not be bruited abroad. But the time has come when these things should be bruited. The Admiralty should be forced to treat the whole province of these aerial craft as seriously—and at least as generously—as France and Germany treat it. As it is, this particular service is practically "crabbed", though the Navy has men of splendid enthusiasm and knowledge—like Commander Sampson—who could make the service as strong as any of a foreign Power.

The Press, it must be said, on the whole has done its duty well in the matter. One or two goody-goody papers, it is true, hold up their hands in horror at the idea of dropping anything from above on defenceless heads, but they are exceptions. Other papers have often urged the Admiralty and the Government to go forward with this immensely important and pressing side of national defence and warfare. It is unfortunately the public which is tepid or sleepy about the thing. It has quite failed to understand the plain truth that the aeroplane, if not the airship, is supremely essential to this country in war and in guarding against war.

Sir William White was a great shipbuilder, but he was something besides. He had some taste and refinement in literature, and was always deeply stirred and animated by the sea romance and prowess of England. We remember him telling us how his love for the sea and for ships arose; it came to him through the habit he had in early years of rowing and sailing about Devonport in a small boat. It was this experience that made of him England's shipbuilder during a long period of great activity. Sir William would explain to one that he was not a designer of ships, as many people understand the term. He was told what guns, what machinery and so forth the ship was to carry; and then it was his business to design a vessel that would meet these requirements.

The Australian Minister of Defence claims that Australia's way with her fleet is best. This Canada will not allow; and Canada is right. It is true that the British Admiralty in 1909 "favoured a scheme for Colonial fleet units", which Australia has carried out. But this was the second, not the first, choice of the Admiralty. The Admiralty's first choice was put forward, also in 1909, at the Colonial Conference—a single Navy, unity of training, unity of command. Colonial units were a *pis aller*. Canada and New Zealand have taken the more Imperial way.

The Indian Public Services Commission is not doing well. Its proceedings are almost exclusively devoted to "the holy crusade of class against class". So far they have been directed not at all to ascertain the methods best adapted to secure the efficiency of the administration and the welfare of the people. The object is apparently to devise the best means of providing more well-paid posts for the small educated class of Indians. Naturally every Indian witness thinks an Indian as good as an Englishman if he can pass the same examination, and every English witness holds the opposite, and each is cross-examined on the grounds of his belief. No better way for rousing dangerous class antagonism could be devised. Perhaps the most valuable contribution is the evidence of the leaders of industry and commerce. Having only efficiency to consult, they find it to their advantage to place their great undertakings in the hands of English managers and agents.

The United States treaty with Nicaragua is ominous. America pays Nicaragua three million dollars to be assured that no other nation will be permitted to build a canal across Panama. Notice is hereby given that the United States Government intends to hold a monopoly of canal transit between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Obviously if America intends to administer the canal on principles of fair trade—to hold it in trust for the Powers—such a treaty would be otiose. No European nation is likely to build a canal in competition with Panama, unless it be put to a disadvantage in the levying of tolls.

Silistria and Scutari continue to trouble the Powers. Roumania is slowly swallowing arbitration, but until her claim to Silistria is set aside the Bulgarians will continue to besiege Adrianople and to reject peace terms which leave it Turkish. As for Scutari, the Montenegrin Government has issued a manifesto, which hints that the little State may collapse if the place is lost to it. The plea would command respect if Scutari had been taken, but the Powers can never give Montenegro what it has failed to win. Russia has realised this, and is understood to agree that the new Albania shall include Scutari, but not the towns which the Servians have taken.

Mr. Norman Angell has been upon a mission to persuade the German people that war in the twentieth century is impossible. Mr. Angell's theories are brightly set forth in a book entitled "The Great Illusion", which has run through several editions in England and France, more by virtue of the vigour and point of the writing than from any disposition of the public to be converted. Mr. Angell is one of the very few peace at all price folk who is not altogether an ass. Nevertheless, Germany will not listen. The undergraduates of Göttingen, when he came among them, passed a resolution that German students should not be invited to discuss ideas foreign to the German character and sentiment. Mr. Angell, like all people of his persuasion, has done more harm than good, even to the cause he professedly holds dear. The young men of Göttingen, exasperated at the Englishman's talk of peace, have passed a vote of censure upon the delivery of a lecture in the English tongue at a German University.

Unrest and threatenings of a general strike are ruling on the Midland Railway over the dismissal and reinstatement of an engine-driver Richardson. He refused to obey a foreman who ordered him to load his train to an amount for a twenty-ton brake when he had only a ten-ton brake. The men say that if Richardson had obeyed the foreman he would have broken the company's printed regulations supplied to him for his guidance; and that the directors dismissed Richardson on the ground that he must follow the foreman's orders though they were against the regulations. The men quote several cases of accidents where drivers have been convicted of manslaughter when they have infringed the regulations, and the foreman's orders have not excused them. Meetings are being held all over the system; and probably work would already have been stopped if the larger question of a strike for the eight hours' day were not in the immediate background. On the particular point of Richardson the Board of Trade ought to have something to say about the effect of the printed regulations. This is a question of public safety, and not of mere discipline.

We have been reading rules for the conduct of insured persons, published by the West Ham Committee on Tuesday. They are, we suppose, very necessary rules for the regulation of people who get ninepenny-worth of doctor for fourpence. For people of rich, or even moderate means, the doctor is frequently a luxury. For insured persons he is a necessity; and the West Ham Committee do not intend they should forget it. The insured patient must "obey" his doctor (the doctors of the uninsured frequently "obey" their patients); the insured patient must not "conduct himself in a manner likely to retard his recovery"; he must on no account indulge his fancies as to symptoms, or imagine he is worse than he really is, or waste the doctor's time. In a word, the insured patient is debarred from all the enjoyments that make the living of a fashionable doctor; and life worth living of a fashionable doctor's patients.

These rules of the West Ham Committee make it seriously obvious that only with tact and patience of the panel doctor can the Act be successfully worked. A wide discretion must be allowed him if he is to defeat malingering, or prevent a frivolous waste of his time. Fines are imposed under the Act for calling a doctor

to attend except within specified hours, unless the patient's case is serious enough to warrant an urgent summons. These fines are to be imposed by the Committee after a hearing of the evidence. But who but the doctor himself can decide whether the emergency was really serious? At every point a just administration of the Act must hinge upon the candour and humanity of the doctor. The doctor must at every point of this formidable schedule of fines be judge in his own case. Yet these are the men whom Mr. Lloyd George has accused at every turn of a want of public spirit and honesty. So little he believes in his charges that he has handed over the fortunes of thousands into their absolute keeping.

The National Union of Farmers is a body with a name that sounds important; but we venture to think that the importance is largely in the name. It met this week in the north and passed a curt resolution or two aimed at Mr. Bonar Law. It refuses to look at his policy unless he protects farming. Further, it talks vaguely but angrily about farmers forming a trades union. The Liberal Press is intensely tickled and pleased, and we are asked to believe that the farmers are up against the Unionist policy and leader.

Now this is as if we were to say that the Radicals are up against the Government policy and leader when Sir A. B. Markham and Sir Herbert Raphael call the Secret Land Inquirers jackals or when Mr. Martin M.P. for S. Pancras calls the rank and file of his party "poodles". One rebel does not make a revolt any more than does one swallow make a summer. The National Union of Farmers who met and orated this week stands for a mere handful, though rather a loquacious handful, of English farmers. Farmers' talking assemblies are not of very much account in this country; and the notion of a farmers' trade union is altogether too grotesque.

Another thing should be mentioned: the truth is, the English tenant-farmers on the whole are doing very well. This fact is quite well known. Many farmers admit that times are better than they were. To-day they have not much to grumble at; least of all have they a case against the Unionist party. Their rents are in many districts distinctly low—at the level indeed to which they sank during the worst years of the depression. The landowners, who are chiefly Conservatives, have treated the farmers well. Most of the farmers—at least those who work rather than talk empty politics—acknowledge this. There is not the smallest chance of the farmers going in any strength into the Radical camp; full well they know, if they did, they would be fleeced—shorn closer than ever their lambs are shorn!

The story that Sir Edmund Antrobus was about to put up Stonehenge, and let it be knocked down to the highest bidder, was, it turns out, false. We are relieved to hear it. Sir Edmund is selling his estate at Amesbury; but the ground on which Stonehenge stands is only to be sold on condition that the buyer agrees to preserve Stonehenge and the rights of the public as they are preserved to-day. Indeed it is incredible that Stonehenge could now ever be sold as private property is sold. If we remember rightly, Sir Michael Hicks Beach once spoke very strongly on the subject; and no public man's word in this matter could carry much more weight than his.

Yet it is not right, it does not fit well with national dignity, that private rights should be exercised at all over this wondrous, glorious thing; and we devoutly trust that the nation will be able before long now to take over Stonehenge altogether. Sir Edmund Antrobus has understood and done his duty in the matter, but we never can be quite sure that hereafter mischief will not come to the place if it is allowed to pass from one private owner to another. It ought to be guarded as jealously at least as the greatest treasure of national art; there are only two or three things in the world, there is absolutely nothing in England, so valuable as Stone-

hence. It is time the Government took some decided action, and we hope the Prime Minister will make a statement so soon as Parliament meets.

Sir A. Paget, writing in the "Times" of the Admiralty Arch, proposes a second archway uniting the buildings of Drummond's Bank and the new insurance offices; the sites of those buildings and the buildings themselves to be readjusted, so as to form a fairly symmetrical space between the two archways, and so as to "ease off" the corner of Whitehall and Cockspur Street. The writer further proposes a monument to King Edward on the new archway, without giving up the Waterloo Place scheme. The combination of the buildings on either side into an architectural whole is necessary for a tolerable effect, but this should be accomplished without the "easing off". Hyde Park Corner is one of the awful examples in London of a meeting-place of streets contrived on "easing-off" principles. Moreover, to distribute the Waterloo Place scheme is a mistake. What is wanted is concentration on a plan at Charing Cross which will solve two problems at once.

Those who attended Mr. Balfour Gardiner's concert this week realised the immense change, all for the better, since the days when a British composer's noblest aspiration was to write a festival oratorio concluding with a fugal chorus. The most ambitious items were Mr. von Holst's setting for solo voice and orchestra of Whitman's "Mystic Trumpeter" and the "Dance of Life" for orchestra of Frederick Delius. The second has not gained in the rewriting; and it is "programme music" of a sort absolutely meaningless unless we have the programme. The first is deficient in invention, but a certain note of ecstasy is struck at the end. Less ambitious in musical idea, but audacious enough in the execution, was Mr. Percy Grainger's "Colonial Song", in which, after the manner of a vocal exercise, Madame Gleeson-White and Mr. Gervase Elwes warbled on the vowel sound "ah" as an accompaniment to an instrumental piece. This is to degrade the human voice and intelligence.

To Mr. Gardiner we must look for a permanent opera. He has talent, enthusiasm, and apparently organising power. He ought to be supported. But he and Mr. Holbrooke make the same mistake. Their doses of modern music are too, too heavy; and this modern music becomes monotonous. It may be said that, while the young composers have a general style and manner, they lack each a separate individuality. Mr. Gardiner's own instrumental fantasy is a charming thing, but when the "Mystic Trumpeter" followed it sounded like a continuation of the first; and the stuff of the music in Mr. Grainger's "Hill-song" is of the same texture and quality, a fact that was not disguised by the extraordinary combination for which it is scored—fifteen wood-wind, eight brass, and five percussion instruments. We suggest to Mr. Gardiner the advisability of drawing up work-a-day programmes from the works of the big men, wedging in three or four new things.

"It is a terrible country round here", wrote one of Mawson's men in February last. This "terrible country" of the Antarctic now calls up two pictures in the mind—the tent where Scott and his companions waited to die, and still waited, dead, to tell their story; and the little group preparing now to winter in Adélie Land, having already lost two of their party. We have yet to know how Dr. Mertz came by his death. Lieutenant Ninnis' death was a simple accident. He fell into a crevasse.

Mawson's expedition was scientific. He was not aiming at the Pole or to be "farthest South". He set out to chart the unknown country along the Antarctic Circle. But the story reads more like a tale of pure errantry and heroism than Amundsen's successful dash. Wilde's account of how Mawson established his winter quarters at the summit of an immense glacier gives one an unrelieved impression of desolation.

AIRSHIPS AND NATIONAL SAFETY.

SOME genius on a halfpenny paper ought really to consider the question of how to report air news. News in general, in a modern newspaper, is quite definite and precise. Something has happened, or at least is dogmatically asserted to have happened, and there is an end of it. But when we come to air news it is as though we were back in the newspapers of a hundred years ago. It is reported that Bonaparte was killed by a Cossack. It is reported that a foreign airship was seen over Portsmouth. We do not know whether there is a word of truth in this report. It may be that there has been some confusion between the lights of an airship and the evening star, and that none of these stories would have been printed at all if things had been moving in the Near East. All we can say with certainty is that the rumours of secret cruises of German airships are quite baseless. The Germans have stated that none of their ships has ever made a flight to the English coast, and of course that settles the matter. What is really significant is that the public is prepared to swallow the reports. Nobody says it is preposterous to imagine a German airship undertaking a voyage of six hundred miles. On the contrary, everybody believes that if we were at war, airship attacks would be made, and everybody is thoroughly frightened at what might happen.

Now this is a field in which the imagination must be exercised, and the present need seems to be not to exercise it too vigorously. On the same page of Thursday's "Times" there was published the report of a lecture by Colonel Mark Sykes, of the Royal Flying Corps, and the text of a letter by Major Baden-Powell. The lecture stated quite precisely what aeroplanes can undoubtedly do for an army in the field. The letter dealt with the possible effect of the appearance of a fleet of airships over London. We do not wish in any way to sneer at the letter, but its spirit is quite different from that of the lecture. The lecture states just what place the Fourth Arm can take in our existing military organisation, whereas the letter hints at the occurrence of circumstances which are entirely incalculable. But the documents agree in one point. They lay the utmost stress on the moral effect of the new weapon. Colonel Sykes asserts that a properly organised flight of aeroplanes could obtain in three and a half hours information as to the enemy's strength, formation, and direction which it would take strategic cavalry at least three days to gather. That is a point which the average soldier will soon grasp, and when he sees that his aeroplanes have been put out of action by the hostile vessels the heart will go out of him. He will know nothing of his enemy, but will be convinced that his enemy knows everything of him. An army so circumstanced will feel that the situation is hopeless, will be in a state of nerves about its communications, and will be beaten before the first shot is fired. Major Baden-Powell works up to just the same point. What are we going to do, he asks, if a fleet of airships laden with explosives can take up its position over London with nothing to stop them? The average man could not stand the threat of a shower of bombs. The mob might turn tail and surrender to save its skin.

The two arguments, the one a bare statement of fact, the other a startling but not incredible hypothesis, lead to the same conclusion, and that is that our men will not have nerves to fight, nor our electorate courage to make war unless the air is safeguarded. If only on psychological grounds—and in a democratic community like ours such grounds are all important—our Army and Navy must be equipped with the best aeroplanes and dirigibles that science can produce. Neither the War Office nor the Admiralty has yet appreciated the full force of this point. They feel that air navigation is still an experiment, and they want to get sure results before providing air fleets. This was the official attitude towards submarines, and in that case it was justified. But then the early submarines had a very limited radius of action. No one feared that a hostile submarine would creep up the Thames and blow up

London Bridge. The whole difference lies in the fact that the submarine could not strike a distant blow and the airship can.

The War Office has now learnt its lesson, witness Colonel Sykes' lecture. But it is not so long since the soldier in charge of the Army's flying equipment expressed the belief that airships had no great future; and there is reason to fear that the Navy has not yet shaken off the conservatism of the official mind. A glaring example of careless neglect occurred at the Naval Review last year. It will be remembered that members of Parliament were promised the sight of an aeroplane ascended from the deck of H.M.S. "London", and the vessel was duly equipped with the proper launching apparatus. It is perfectly true that an aeroplane or two did appear during the course of the review, and it was assumed in the Press that the flight from the "London" must have taken place while the reporters were at lunch. As a matter of fact, no flight took place at all. There was an aeroplane for the "London", but it was never got aboard—it was smashed! This is what happened. The aeroplane was taken out of its hangar by a tug, and some calculation was made as to the strength of the tides before it was brought alongside the "London". But the authorities did not take the right precautions. The aeroplane dashed against the warship's side and broke its frail structure. The chances of such an accident ought to have been forecast. The aeroplane should have been brought to the warship by two tugs, one to act as a buffer against the ship's side. But the Admiralty was not prepared to make such a fuss about a trifle! Somebody in authority thought that one tug was necessary to tow it, but that some men in a wretched little lighter could do the rest. The lighter was there and the men did their best, but the wind or tide was too strong for them. That is how the chance was lost of making an experiment of great importance which had only once before been performed in the British Navy.

Such carelessness in action affects thought. Where is the naval counterpart of Colonel Sykes' paper? We have never been told what a flight of aeroplanes can do for a battle fleet. It may be guessed that they could do much. From a good height they might well detect the smoke of vessels invisible from the deck of a warship. Moreover, water seen from a height becomes transparent, and an aeroplane could see a submarine moving well below the surface. The news that the enemy's submarines were approaching from a given direction would vitally affect the plans of the admiral in command, and the knowledge that their whereabouts had been discovered and their attacks guarded against would steady the nerves of the gunners. All this, however, is at best plausible conjecture, with no authority behind it. It is authoritative statement that is essential. Again we come to the psychological point. What is it that in the last resort determines the nature of our military and naval preparations? Public opinion. You can see it almost every day. A First Lord of the Admiralty can ask for as many "Dreadnoughts" as he likes, and be sure that he will get them, because the public has grasped the necessity of supremacy at sea. But if a Secretary of State for War demanded compulsory service he would only get it after a tremendous struggle, because the public has not yet realised the effective value of a national army. But when we come to airships public ignorance is complete. One day the man in the street loses his head in a scare; the next day he is satisfied that airships are only toys, that they are always breaking down, and that they could only just take a look round if they came. With opinion swinging to extremes like that there is no chance of a policy. A keen man at the head of the War Office or the Admiralty may extort money from the Treasury and see that the work is done in his time. But as things are he can have no guarantee that it will be continued after him. What we want is a statement backed by the authority of the Defence Committee of the part which the Fourth Army can and will play in modern warfare. Having that to go upon, we can consider the annual airship pro-

grammes of the Army and Navy, decide if they are adequate, and agitate if they are not. But until that statement is made a Chancellor of the Exchequer who wants his money for social reform can dismiss any specific demand as the negligible shriek of a scare-monger.

FEMALE MILITANCY AND ITS CURE.

MRS. PANKHURST has been arrested, brought before the local magistrates at Epsom, and duly committed for trial. So far, so good. At first she refused to give an undertaking to refrain from incitement to disorder, and bail was rightly refused. What follows? Mrs. Pankhurst threatens a "hunger-strike"; but she changes her mind about the undertaking. She promises to keep quiet, and is let out on bail. Suppose she is ultimately convicted, what do the Government propose? If Mrs. Pankhurst succeeds in making a mockery of the processes of law by compelling the authorities to release her from the prison which she has sought so persistently, her conviction becomes a fresh fiasco. If Mrs. Pankhurst is not to succeed, the Government must either have discovered some very novel resource or have found courage of a most unusual kind.

This new, and probably futile, arrest of Mrs. Pankhurst brings to a head a situation which has become impossible. All argument is vain, for many of the militant women have undoubtedly persuaded themselves, incredible as such a state of mind may seem, that their campaign is helpful to the cause of woman's suffrage and that some measure of public sympathy is won by exhibiting the traits of violently lawless viragoes. In any case this business has gone beyond the limits of argument. The original question—Should women have the vote?—has lost its significance, swamped in the larger question—Shall the law be vindicated? Suffragist or anti-suffragist, any man or woman who retains the vestiges of sanity and understands the not very recondite basis on which the life of a civilised community must rest, must acknowledge that the suppression of "militancy" has become a matter of public safety. Obviously the success of this disorder would teach malcontents of every character that they could consummate their desires by resort to brick-bats, bombs, and torches. This is, perhaps—on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—the object of those who seek a share in civic responsibility by displaying a total unfitness for it. But the point now is that either an effective remedy must be found or the law must admit defeat.

The women are some of them wicked enough, others silly enough; but the chief responsibility for this intolerable state of affairs rests with the Government. A policy of weakness, evasion, and trickery, of threat and cajolment, violence and complacency has produced its result. Some Ministers are convinced opponents of woman's suffrage; others its apparent champions. But this divergence of conviction in no way excuses the Government's follies. Where all concerned have consistently said and done the wrong thing, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Hobhouse have distinguished themselves. Mr. McKenna, unable to vindicate the civic order of which he is the official custodian, has turned towards the viragoes the elastic front which various "Labour" agitators of the baser sort have successfully exploited. Mr. Hobson, by perhaps the most idiotic speech ever made by a member of a Government, has given to the conspirators a weapon invaluable to their success in moulding the weaker instruments by whom their bidding is done. Beyond these crude and obvious defaults, the way in which woman's suffrage has been handled in the House of Commons, culminating in the last evasion behind the Speaker's ruling, has done all that was possible to aggravate a great social evil. To Ministers the source of the present dilemma must be traced. To them, without any confidence, the State must look for rescue.

A great number of remedies have been suggested, of which many are as foolish as "militancy" itself, while

few will stand the test of considered examination. The most plausible, perhaps, is the policy of allowing hunger-strikers to die in gaol. Certainly it is difficult to see how or why authority should incur any blame for the death of a person who starves in the midst of plenty; who has food but will not take it. But we have to reckon with a society in which brimming sentimentality has largely usurped the functions of reason, and we have to guard against any act which might foster the anarchy which has to be suppressed. The militants themselves boast that the death of a "martyr" in prison, either through starvation or through forcible feeding, would be the best recruiting agent for their anti-social cause. We believe that this calculation is correct and that, however great the volume of public indignation against militant suffragism may now be, the successful suicide of a suffragist in prison would spread the blaze of insurrection and increase the difficulties of the situation. Therefore we have no belief in the effectiveness of this, the simplest course. Of course, the attachment of the funds of the militant organisations would be a very useful weapon in the hands of the law, and we should rejoice if this could be effected under existing sanctions. But, in and by itself, the sequestration of funds would not be much more likely to bring disorder to an end than lack of money is effective in preventing war.

There is, however, another method, an older method—deportation. Almost every civilised community reserves to itself the right to exclude from its life the undesirable intruder. To deport from this country, with no option of return, all prisoners who refuse food in gaol would not strain very far this elementary right of self-protection. For this purpose a Bill would be necessary. But the Government would not have any difficulty in passing rapidly through all its stages any measure which promised any real remedy for the present evil. It would want, of course, careful thought and drafting. Refusal of food would need exact definition. But the resources of other draughtsmen should be quite equal to the needs of such a Bill. This plan, we believe, would be a useful deterrent, would forestall martyrdom, and become a way out of the present ridiculous impasse. Also, most certain benefit of all, this country would be free of a number of undesirable persons.

By one means or another the conspiracy and the lawlessness must be suppressed. If that be not done, only one consequence can ensue—mob violence in which one or several of the women will be mauled to death by public hooliganism. That is a disaster for the State, for society, and for all the foundations of national and domestic life, which all reasonably sane men and women must dread with an increasing anxiety. One can see the springs of primitive passion have been loosened already. In face of the failure of the Government, public opinion is inclined to take the law into its own hands and to retaliate on the suffragettes in their own kind. If this sort of thing goes on, some suffragette outrage will kill somebody, or more than one, and then the mob explosion will come.

THE FUTURE OF MEXICO.

FOR many years Mexico had order at home and peace abroad. Justice was fairly well if roughly administered. There was a strong Government at the head, under whose protection the country had a chance to develop materially. Mexican finance gained in character, and trade was expanding rapidly. This period of comparative calm succeeded a succession of storms, or rather one continuous storm going through various phases. The calm began with the ascendancy of Porfirio Diaz, who made himself President and kept himself President by force. He left Republican forms standing; he kept up a Congress, popular elections, Ministries, and never called himself anything but President. Diaz had the acumen to realise that the people he had to do with would mind a change in name and would not mind a change in fact.

So long as he called himself President, they would not inquire nicely into his acting as a despot. Inconsistency between names and deeds troubled them not at all. A military tyranny under parliamentary form gave them exactly the order they desired—a name to be free and government by force in fact. They wanted security for their business, comparative quiet for their pleasures, and a country that could present a strong front to the United States. All this Diaz provided for them without requiring them to admit they were not a "free" country, in the false sense of being popularly governed. No new departure in the art of government was this. Most forms of government can be fitted to various kinds of rule. Caesarism is almost always run on formally popular lines; the difference, so far as constitutionalism goes, between one Caesar and another being that one will take more trouble than another to hide his disregard for the democratic or the republican forms under which he rules. One will disguise his absolutism; another will allow it to show through unashamed. Caesarism in fact often works exceedingly well; naturally, because it is the absolute rule of a man who has been able enough to make himself Caesar. The difficulty, of course, is to provide for continuity. Experience shows that there have to be from time to time periods of convulsion—the birth throes of a new Caesar. You cannot ensure at the same time quiet succession and the rule of the man who can. Diaz was in the old difficulty of a Caesar; he could not provide for continuity. Instead of an orderly succession there has come the interval of convulsion. Mexicans did not know what would happen after Diaz' death. He had, of course, made a vast number of enemies; he had kept order, and his supremacy, ruthlessly and even cruelly. There were very many waiting for a chance to strike at him. Madero gave them the chance. He had been beaten in a general election, apparently beaten hopelessly. It is likely, indeed, nobody could have won against Diaz, because popular feeling was with him, for one thing, and nobody would have been allowed to win against him, if it had not been, for another. Thereupon Madero took to arms, and uniting all Diaz' enemies beat him for a moment; and Diaz, in his old age, became an exile. It was a thankless end to a career long and on the whole beneficent to the country. Had the fighting been after Diaz' death, there would have been nothing to be surprised at; hardly anything to comment on; it would have come in the natural order. The new man would have to prove his claim to rule by the ordeal of revolution. But the rising against Diaz, who had done so much for Mexico and, though old, was far from feeble, was entirely out of order; and, though apparently successful, it left very deep and very general resentment. We were not surprised—no one could be who knew anything of the country—at the émeute against Madero. It was bound to come, or rather it was always on. Madero was never on the throne: he was but a pretender. He was not able to establish his claim. Felix Diaz had the advantage of the name's prestige; there was on him something of his uncle's glamour; and he had behind him the general feeling that, whatever might be said against Don Porfi, he had at any rate kept the country quiet, and everything had gone wrong since he was turned out. If Madero had beaten Felix Diaz in the fight, it is very doubtful if he would yet have been able to establish his rule. His rising rested on personal animosities against Diaz—many, no doubt, justifiable—not on general public approval. He won for the moment because he was organised for a sudden blow. It takes but a few to make an émeute, even a successful one for the moment. But the real strength was probably always with the Diaz party and must have asserted itself before long.

The murderous extirpation of the Madero family, the wholesale executions, and general brutality consequent on Felix Diaz' success is horrible enough. One would like such things to be impossible in a Christian or even in a nominally Christian country. But in Central America they are no exception to the rule. Madero seems to have made an exception in favour of

clemency; and—the moral is likely to be—with disastrous results to his friends and to himself. That his rising against Diaz should provoke savage reprisals was to be expected. He had done a wanton thing to the injury of the country. Diaz' friends could not help being extremely embittered. They plead, of course, that the only way to make order secure or even possible is absolutely to stamp out the Madero faction. Apparently—whatever be thought of the means—they are succeeding in their ends.

On the whole we cannot doubt that it is good for Mexico and for the world that the Diaz party has come back to power. The first necessity is a strong head of the State. There must be firm government at any cost. To jeopardise or rather to sacrifice stability to tenderness for constitutionalism is worse than weak. Authority established by an iron hand is better for Mexico than popular political freedom. Personal freedom, certainly, is a blessing without which a country is hardly civilised; and we doubt if the Diaz autocracy did or will violate the personal freedom of any man who leaves the Government alone. No doubt anybody who threatens the stability of the Government during the next few years will get very short shrift; and the safety of the country requires that it should be so. The best thing that can happen for Mexico is that a Diaz should be next President and Porfirio's régime re-established. Once get order and something like security, and there will be a chance of gradually improving the Diaz system, of removing some of its spots. But there will be no chance of improving anything in Mexico while there is uncertainty as to where there is power, where there is authority, and whether it will last beyond the day.

It has been charged against Madero and his party that they were the tools of the American Government. Others, putting it much less strongly, complain of their Americanophil tendencies. On the other hand, it has been seriously argued that President Diaz' meeting with the American President, suggesting some secret treaty or agreement, shook Diaz' position and assisted Madero's rising. These charges at any rate show the intense sensibility of the Mexicans on the American question. The whole people is nervously on the qui vive as to the designs of the United States. They do not like Americans, they are suspicious of them, and they are afraid of them. Englishmen, on the contrary, they do like and they do trust. They are not afraid of them, because England is too far away to make it worth while to attempt any interference with Mexican independence. Hence Mexicans will always, if they can, take British capital for their industrial undertakings rather than American. An Englishman, too, will find Mexico a pleasanter country to travel in and the people a pleasanter people to dwell amongst than will an American. One cannot say that the Mexican nervousness about the United States is all foolishness. A sparsely populated, imperfectly settled country of immense extent and magnificent natural resources on the border of an extremely progressive State with a population of a hundred millions is necessarily in danger of absorption by that State. Americans might be the most scrupulous and the least aggressive people in the world: yet they would be a constant bugbear to Mexico. The reading of history is clear enough that the smaller and more backward State on the borders of a larger and more progressive one is generally absorbed by it sooner or later. Add to this that the inclusion of Mexico in the States is known to be a cherished aim with large numbers of Americans, and Mexican nervousness is easily intelligible. The thing would not come about by any deliberate scheme of invasion. Something happens justifying American intervention in Mexican affairs. America gets a footing; and the process is begun. In their uneasiness about America Mexicans are all agreed. They may fight amongst themselves, but they would combine against the outsider. They are getting to see that only a strong central Government, uniting all the forces of the country, can success-

fully resist the attraction of the immense State on their border. This will help Felix Diaz. Union amongst themselves and the friendly support, counter-attraction, of a distant Power as great as the United States can save Mexican independence. Certainly it is not to the advantage of this country, nor of the world, that all counterpoise to the United States southward should be removed.

SOUTH AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

THE annual meeting of the Chartered Company on Thursday was assured of an unusual interest since the shareholders were to be addressed after many days by the remarkable man who made their country. He, at least, could tell a plain tale and a straight tale "more *modoque suo*". In the event he did that and more, for he spoke for an hour and a half to a sympathetic audience which would have liked him to go on speaking even longer. It was an effect of candour and character, but also of a vividness of expression rare among public speakers. Save that the drought in early 1912 has made its mark in certain figures of the company's report published last week, Sir Starr Jameson could discourse of a Rhodesia on the way to satisfy the optimist and to justify those who seek like himself to make progress quicker. Rhodesia's real future is pastoral and agricultural—to be the great stock-breeding ground of the Empire and agricultural in the sense of California—as well. "Meantime there is our earth here—well!" as Robert Browning usefully remarked; and for gold-mining, at once the immediate support of local markets for agriculture and the bridge to that wider development which we hold in vision—the mineral output has topped the record at £2,717,000. Much better things are hoped of the current year, and generally the industry is secure. Cattle have increased at the rate of 264 per cent. since last census seven years ago, but there is still ample room for development. Tobacco in 1912-13 stands at 1,397,000 lb. of production, as against 450,000 lb. the year before. The railways are self-supporting. Northern Rhodesia is open to gold prospectors who are not as men without hope; and, far better, its suitability for cattle-breeding and cotton-growing is approved. All these are good symptoms. The directors taking heart with easier days, push development with "a large commercial money-earning department", which has its eye on ranching, and citrus fruit and tobacco culture on a large scale and, we hope, on an accelerated white settlement. 356 immigrants with capital estimated at £1433 per family have settled on the land in the six months ended 30 September. The Agricultural College for which some of us have cried for long is authorised at last. It all sounds like "More Homes" and that "getting a move on" which is notoriously Sir Starr's policy, urged by him in season with prayers and (it may be) imprecations, towards a bolder way. He spoke on Thursday of a new President to succeed the gracious gentleman who has gone; but he named him not. At Thursday's meeting "a child might understand" that the shareholders knew to a man the name they desired in that position, and spelt it "Doctor Jim".

In South Africa, within the Union, two factions are now constituted, one for General Botha, one for General Hertzog, nor could either leader tell you on his oath what is the strength of his opponent. Which will win? Of the two the faction of General Hertzog is at the moment much the more active and voluble. It has held meetings in many parts of the country, and the temper shown by speakers and audience has been definite and highly "self-coloured". The Prime Minister has been held up to ridicule and odium as an "English general". The exodus of General Hertzog from the Ministry has been dwelt on as an insult to the whole Dutch Afrikaner people. Men have declared themselves ready to refuse support to the Premier and the Ministry. Eminent names are not many in this category, but they exist, and, while General de Wet is in the forefront, for what he counts,

ex-President Steyn, we may be sure, is lurking in the background. On the other hand, one hears little from the party of General Botha. If the issue went by shouting, it were plain that the Hertzog cause is winning. It may win, of course. It is possible that those who denounce General Botha as a traitor to his race only express rather violently the views of the majority of the Dutch-speaking people. It is a strong cry that of "Ons land, ons volk in danger". President Kruger cherished it as his trump-card and talisman. He had reason. There was more than one sporting chance in his career of his being ousted, and we recall a Presidential election where men would have it that Joubert polled a majority of the votes actually recorded, only the State arithmeticians had other views. But in December 1897, when Schalk Burger led in the betting, it really seemed that Oom Paul must go. He knew better. He had only one argument, that without him the stranger would prevail, but that argument carried the day. The Dutch, though painted and travestied to appear hard men, are profoundly sentimental. Not those Eastland Scots who vote for a party labelled Liberal because "my feyther aye voted Leeberal" are more the led slaves and donkeys of emotion. And here as before the appeal to sentiment may prove insuperable. It goes to tyrannous lengths. We have known a man, a member of the Cape House in old days, no fierce fellow in veld-schoen, but a cultivated Dutchman, divorced from bed and board because upon a single point he was at variance with the Bond. We have spent whole days in a Western Province farm with two others who had there sought refuge from their families and the party appeal and pressure. At home were weeping wife, dour brethren, and alienated children. In such a case the boycott is social, political, religious. It amounts to being made an outlaw; and in that sentence a man's wife and children and brethren bear the heaviest hand. The Predikant in person is a black shadow on the house.

Such is the pressure which, on one side and another, is being brought to bear at this moment on Boer farms. Such is the sentence General Hertzog has, in effect, pronounced against General Botha. If he carries the majority of their countrymen with him, the consequences will be no laughing matter. Yet we venture to believe that he will not succeed. For years General Botha has been the Dutchmen's most trusted leader. He commanded them in the field. He was their leader after the war in days when, sullen and unconciliated, they stood outside, and the work of reconstructing the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies went forward. He was the first Transvaal Premier. He led the Dutch in the National Convention. Universal confidence hailed his accession as first Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, where it is undeniable that he has served them well. His leadership is not autocratic, but friendly and supple; in the technicalities of their rustic button-holing he excels. Whenever he has laid himself out to make captive a district of electors, his personality has prevailed. And he has still to try his strength in the Free State. Since he became Prime Minister he has never toured the province where General Hertzog's strength is centred. But it is understood that when the Session is over the Prime Minister will tackle the Free State in earnest, and General de Wet, a figure by the way far more seriously regarded in this country than at home, will evaporate before him. Thus far General Botha and his friends are lying low. But if the Free State Predikants are noisily active in the Hertzog interest it is unlikely that the Bothaites are idle. Mr. Bosman, that formidable clergyman of Pretoria, has declared strongly against General Hertzog, and others, beyond doubt, are quietly "lobbying" after the manner of a country where such influence is seldom exerted overtly. The Nationalist organisation is an affair of quiet, unpaid workers, and the farmers, country lawyers, and clergy on the Ministerial side are rather more than less formidable when one hears very little about them. Against such quiet, persistent work as theirs, public meetings and violent speeches count for little. Again, possession is rather more than nine-

tenths of the law with the average Afrikaner. It is almost an axiom of South African politics that a party which gets into office shall detach its percentage of the supporters of Opposition. We have seen that done too often to forget the moral. General Hertzog has yet to discover whether he counts as much out of office as when he was still endued with a Minister's prestige, the extremist patriot but inside, among the loaves and fishes. The Dutch respect for authority was certainly an ingredient in his influence, and it is quite a different matter to be bawling patriotic cries outside in the cold. In Parliament he is nought. There, at least, General Botha is secure. The Unionists back him, and when they do not, if General Hertzog dissent and vote in the British lobby his position is patently absurd. Mr. Sauer has declared that he supports General Botha, and that General Hertzog was most righteously evicted from the Ministry. More significant is Mr. Fischer's adhesion to the Premier. There is probably truth in the rumour that he has resented General Hertzog's declaration that in the Ministry his brother Free-Stater was his own, the Hertzogian, nominee. General Botha has only to sit still, and he seems secure for the natural term of the present Parliament—that is for three more Sessions. Outside and inside Parliament no man had ever a plainer cue to do nothing, and we have reason to believe that, within the last few days, he has made up his mind to that comfortable policy. While he sits still the Bothaites in the country can be quietly at work, and by the end of the Session—particularly of a successful Session—much steam may have evaporated in the Free State. Then will be the time to move on Bloemfontein in force.

THE CITY.

A VERY decided improvement has occurred in the financial situation this week. The relaxation of international political tension has been promptly reflected in the Stock markets of the world. It is significant that the announcement of important Continental State loans being arranged appears simultaneously with the reports that Russia and Austria have agreed to begin demobilising their reserves.

In some respects perhaps it may be regretted that the flotation of new issues on a big scale should be resumed so soon in view of the congested state of the market; but the urgency of public borrowing by several Governments is a fact that has to be faced to-day or to-morrow. The exact date matters little if confidence has returned to the markets; and what could be more satisfactory to investors than the news, for example, that German bankers are arranging the issue of an Imperial loan and a Prussian State loan for large amounts? At the same time a French loan is being talked about, and there are rumours that Paris may undertake some Russian financing. This is accepted as almost conclusive evidence of optimism on the part of the highest authorities as to the political outlook. If they are right, the nervousness of capitalists which has been so acute for many months will automatically disappear, and a large proportion of the vast sum of money hoarded on the Continent and in this country in fear of serious international complications will be released. The congestion of the security markets will be dispersed, and the wheels of finance and commerce will once more run freely. Some time may elapse before money rates show an appreciable decline, because there will be a strong demand for all the cash that is available; but there is a world of difference between dear money and an absolute scarcity of money.

Naturally the public has not rushed in to buy on the first indications of improved conditions. Public confidence is not revived in a day after being moribund for so long. But it will come quickly if there are no shocks. Professional traders have commenced making purchases, and the strength of some of the recent new issues indicates that the absorption of such securities by investors has started.

In spite of the fears of labour troubles, there has been support for Home Railway stocks. In a fortnight

traffic returns will compare with the strike period of last year, and some remarkable increases will be recorded which should give a fillip to the market. Canadian Pacifics are showing better form now that the new stock is out of the way, and activity has been resumed in the Grand Trunk market. Signs of convalescence may also be observed in the American section. The situation in Mexico is considered to have improved greatly, and railway stocks have hardened accordingly, but the suggestion of a large Government loan being issued shortly may be regarded as somewhat premature.

Early in the week unconfirmed rumours were in circulation of financial difficulties in the north and on the Continent. The rumours applied particularly to Chartered shares, which displayed weakness until the meeting, when Sir Starr Jameson's speech put heart into the market for a time.

In the Industrial section, Associated Portland Cements are receiving attention in anticipation of a maiden dividend on the ordinary shares. It is believed that a sum equal to 10 per cent. on the ordinary capital will be available after payment of all charges and preference interest, but shareholders must be prepared for a moderate dividend, because larger sums than usual ought to be allocated to depreciation and reserves.

Rubber shares deservedly have a harder tone, and Oils have derived a little benefit from the rise in the price of petrol.

Mining markets have borne a rather ragged appearance of late. Gold shares suffer somewhat from neglect, and Copper and Tin descriptions are disturbed by the declines in the quotations of the metals. These departments should participate in any general upward movement. For the moment Ropp Tins remain the feature, but the market for this share is really very narrow, and public interest in it is equally limited.

RIVER STEAMERS AND PARTY POLITICS.

By FILSON YOUNG.

THE state of affairs in regard to passenger steamers on the Thames is a good example of the working of the party system applied to local government. To the non-political mind the only questions of importance are whether or not it is desirable that Londoners should have the use of their river, and if so, in what way can that use best be secured to them? But I gather that this is a very innocent point of view. Neither the Progressives nor the Reformers appear to be greatly concerned with either of those questions. Instead, the debaters of Spring Gardens, modelling themselves on their neighbours at Westminster, have perceived that this is precisely one of those matters in which the real public interest can safely be left out of consideration, since no great commercial issues are involved in it. It lends itself admirably to the purposes of the game of party rivalry. Neither side, it would appear, cares half so much whether the public has its steamers or not as whether its opponent may be chastised, either on the score of extravagance or of meanness. Each side, that is to say, is less interested in securing a benefit for the public than in scoring a party point by convicting its opponent of injuring or neglecting the public. It must be a wonderfully interesting game to play; but it is rather a depressing game to watch.

The way in which this river steamer question is treated by either side for electioneering purposes is too cynical to be worth discussing seriously here. It is enough to say that since the London County Council came into existence no really serious or intelligent effort has been made to organise a service of steamers on the Thames which would be of practical use to the public. In making unpractical pretences of solving the difficulty, a sum of money has been spent which, had it been intelligently invested in one amount instead of frittered away in small amounts, would surely have done the business. Every possible mistake has been made, both from a financial and practical point of view, and the most serious mistake has been that no service

has ever existed which could be trusted either for speed or punctuality. The river has been treated as a kind of Bank Holiday amusement or side show. No one is likely to use the river as a regular means of transit when the only opportunity for doing so involves a long wait on the landing-stage while the steamer, like a pirate *char-à-banc*, is filled with a sufficient number of passengers, and a subsequent journey at low speed, with considerable delay at every landing-stage. Moreover a service of boats every quarter of an hour or twenty minutes is quite useless. With the wonderfully efficient means of underground transit in London, where it is possible to go almost from any one point to any other point in twenty minutes, the passenger desiring to go from Westminster to London Bridge could make the journey twice over while waiting for the steamer. A service conducted on these haphazard lines—a service, moreover, that does not run above Westminster Bridge—is bound to be a failure from every point of view. And I am entirely in agreement with the Reformers, that the five thousand or ten thousand pounds of annual subsidy required for such a service is money thrown away.

We are continually being reminded that London is not like Paris, that the life of London is not distributed along the river, and that people have learned to travel by other routes and in other directions—in other words, that the line of London's chief activities does not follow the course of the river and cannot be drawn back to it. That is partly true, but only partly. There is a great deal of London's life that does lie along the river-bank between Hammersmith and London Bridge. In the last few years an immense dwelling-house district has grown up on the south side of the river above Westminster Bridge; and from Chelsea to Richmond both banks of the river are boundaries of densely populated suburban districts. Hundreds of thousands of people go daily from these places to the City, and from Blackfriars to London Bridge the river is in the very business heart of the City. On this line of daily human movement the river remains the most natural connecting route.

The question is, therefore—Is it possible to make transit by water a practical thing for this portion of London's population? I believe it is, although there are great difficulties in the way. The chief difficulty is that of habit. The river has been so long unused for such a purpose that most people have forgotten its existence, and since the days when Carlyle used to embark for Scotland at Chelsea Steps our ideas of what is natural and convenient in methods of transit have undergone a great change. Is it possible, then, to get people again into the habit of using the river? If so, the financial question is solved, for there is a great enough population to make an efficient service pay, in time, provided that population really uses it.

And this, I think, is where the municipal authority could very properly exercise its function. Everyone is alive to the necessity of preserving all the possible open spaces in London, and even of adding to them. No one dreams of objecting to the hundreds of thousands of pounds a year spent on the upkeep of parks; they are both an æsthetic and hygienic necessity. But there is no open space in London half so æsthetic, half so hygienic, half so beautiful as the River Thames. Yet a great stretch of the river, the places where it is most historically interesting, and where its fresh airy spaces are most needed, is closed to the public. I cannot see that money from the rates would be misspent in throwing it open and making it available, provided it were really used and enjoyed by the population. The cynical method of the Progressives of doling out an annual subsidy, careless of whether it is fruitful in pleasure or convenience, in order that they may say at election times, "We give you the river", is worse than useless. It will never make the Thames available to the people who need it most. But I think that a larger and more intelligent policy might do so, if only some gleam of common sense would illuminate the County Council, so that the support of such a scheme should not brand a

member as either a traitor to his party or convict him of making preparations for the Gadarene rush downhill to Socialism.

Having said so much generally, let me venture to suggest in detail what I think would be necessary if the establishment of a river service were to be made both useful to the public and not too serious a burden on the rates. To begin with, from the months of April to October, at any rate, there should be a full and continuous service of boats between Richmond and Greenwich. There should be two services: a long-distance service between these points, calling at all landing-stages above Hammersmith and below London Bridge, but between these points calling only at Battersea and Westminster Bridge. There should also be a short service between Hammersmith and London Bridge, calling at all landing-stages. The essence of efficiency in this kind of service is that the stops should be of the very briefest duration. The tube railways have shown how much this makes for popularity, and how easy it is to organise. It could never be done with the existing type of steamers. They are too big, too slow, and too clumsy to manoeuvre. What is wanted is smaller boats and more boats, with powerful engines, and capable of a speed of at least fifteen knots. They should have twin propellers, not paddles, and rudders at both ends; a crew of four, all told, would be sufficient to man them; in fact the Parisian "mouche" is probably as efficient a type of boat as could be designed for the work, unless, indeed, the internal-combustion engine could be adapted to make the necessary manoeuvring at landing-stages possible. It would be some time before people living in Battersea, Chelsea, Hammersmith, and so on, learned of the existence of these steamers. It would be a little longer before they learned to believe in their punctuality; it might be longer still before they learned to use them. But I believe that they would learn to use them in time, and the service could then be modified, increased or diminished in accordance with the established demand.

It seems a pity to spend enormous sums on tidying up the south bank of the river and rescuing it from its present picturesque and natural irregularity if the river itself is to remain an unreal thing, to be looked at but not used, like a mere stage effect. Wherever a river runs through a town it may be a means of health and pleasure, and for a great inland city to neglect the use of its waterway is at once to lose an opportunity and to be unworthy of a privilege. The Thames stands for a great deal in the traditions and history of London; it ought not to be impossible so to keep it in touch with London's life that it will also have its part in the history and traditions that are being made to-day. The next time the King pays a summer visit to the City the possibility of a Royal water pageant from Westminster might be considered. It would remind some Londoners of the existence of a navigable river in their midst.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LAND.—VII.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

LORD SALISBURY, in the days when he allowed himself an occasional epigram, once told the English farmers that, if only they would manure the land with brains, we should hear very little more of the depression. I was reminded the other day of the saying on passing through a part of England which he knew so well and greatly cared for. It was essentially what Charles Lamb called "pleasant Hertfordshire"; a land with not an heroic feature about it, but still full of English idyll. This was a land of cressy springs and trout brooks, and of Birket Foster or Helen Allingham hamlets still full of old cross-timbered and thatched cottages and field and lane elms in immense variety, and plough and pasture mingled by happy English chance: a land of hazel and even hornbeam woods, one coppice all white in March with the wind flower, the next coppice yellow with primrose, a third sheeted in April with a bit of sky June-blue—the wild hyacinth's.

Yet more notably perhaps it was a land of parks and of the "lordly pleasure houses". I cannot understand, by the way, what on earth our levelling preachers are going to do with these parks and houses when they have purged English pride of its "antiquated" system. The museum and picture gallery and reading-room or public hall idea will not do at all, for it would not be exactly practical politics to set up a great public hall or art museum in relation to a very small village or group of hamlets; any more than it would be practical politics to build a non-existing and uncalled-for village because there happened to be, on the premises more or less, a large house suitable for a public hall or museum.

After you have wiped out by the single tax or nationalisation or some other like process the Tsars, you ought to have some working notion as to what to do with the Tsars' palaces and parks. But this part of the business never seems to have been seriously tackled: I doubt whether even Henry George was clear about it.

When Lord Salisbury made his epigram, the problem of the land was a problem mainly of crops. The question was "How can the tenant farmer stay on the soil?" The question of the peasantry was not pressing then as it began to press a few years later. Of course the wages of labour in the country were talked of; one of my earliest memories is Joseph Arch coming down from East Anglia to S. Mary Bourne. There was great excitement over that visit, and probably some farmers and other folk in that neighbourhood did believe that Dr. Cumming's prophecy about the approaching end of the world was about to be realised. There was actually a strike in the place, the ploughman or the carter being given nine shillings a week to hold out or to carry his work to the North, and there was a movement with a "Branch Committee" and a "Local Executive"—names as sinister in the district as the Committee of Public Safety or the Jacobin Club in another revolution. But the strike at S. Mary Bourne, which was expressed in terms of a penny subscription by the farm-workers, soon died out, and with it the scare: and then followed the years when the great question was whether it would be possible to go on much longer in England with wheat at twenty shillings a quarter, or at nineteen or eighteen or even seventeen shillings and ninepence. Nobody need ask that question to-day. We know now that a farmer can live, though whether he can hunt in the corn and turnip parts of England is another matter.

The main question to-day is not the ordinary farmer, to be frank, so much as the ordinary farm-hand. It is not whether the farmer can stay on the land but whether the farm-worker, the peasant, will stay.

Everyone at the moment seems full of wages. We cannot open a paper without lighting at once on the facts, or at any rate the figures, about ploughmen and carters in Berkshire or in Dorset. Everyone seems budgeting for Chawbacon. There are official figures and unofficial; and clearly it is a very hard thing to reach truth in the matter—to strike the silver mean. I have been dipping into some of the figures, into for instance the 1907 report made under the Earnings and Hours Inquiry. The wage or the net earnings of a common farm-worker are, I think, not quite so low as some of our friends honestly believe.

The darkest of those pessimists recall to me Peel's witticism at the expense of Baring, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—they appear to be angling for a budget in the pool of bottomless deficiency.

The 1907 report put the average weekly earnings of the ordinary English worker at seventeen shillings and sixpence, Scotland at one and fivepence more. But the figures are not conclusive. It was not a compulsory, nor a secret, Land Inquiry, and many—very many—of the questions were never answered; the man who farms the land in England has not much taste for statistics and not much time for letter-writing; and if there is one thing more than another which such a man is suspicious about, it is an inquiry for purely disinterested reasons into his cash-box. The 1907 official figures are probably safer than the 1913 not official

figures on both sides—optimists and pessimists. It is scarcely safe to go further than that.

Some years ago the curious question was raised, "How little a week can a working man afford to be a Christian on?" Something like thirty shillings a week—for a married man—was named as a minimum wage in the matter. But what can the worker afford to be a countryman on? The 1907 report tells us he is doing it, whether he can afford or not, in England on 17s. 6d. and in Scotland on 18s. 11d. 17s. 6d. in the country is probably more than a pound a week in the town. A pound a week all round, by the way, is the precise sum which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is said to be settling for life on the countryman—

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolae!—

Yet somehow it does not sound quite like the Mr. Lloyd George I once knew: he had the political mind.

Perhaps the farm-worker can afford to live as married man or single on the 17s. 6d. a week—it depends to a great degree on the habit and household skill of himself and his helpmate. Doubtless there have been men who have afforded not only to live on such earnings, but even to save on them. But decide this how you will, it does not for a moment dispose of the difficulty. The difficulty is as great and threatening after you have declared comfortably with Starbottle, "The countryman on 17s. 6d. a week is jolly well off", as it was before.

Because the whole point is this—Wages of 17s. 6d. or £1 will not keep the people on the land in England to-day whether they can live well on such earnings or not.

It is no use thinking to solve the problem by raising the wages by a few shillings, or lessening the hours of work, or overhauling the whole system of village schools; by building a huge number of good new cottages—greatly though they are needed; by starting village libraries and reading-rooms and a course of nature study for the villagers. It is idle to talk of most of these things unless and until some inducement is held out to the English villager, strong as the lure that draws him to the towns. Libraries and nature study and better schools and better lighting will no more settle the best of the people on the land than will the Daylight Saving Bill or a course of water-colour painting.

What is this lure of the town that draws away many of the best and most ambitious men? It is not mainly the want of housing or the low rate of wage that takes the country to the town, real ills though these be. Some years ago I touched on the matter in a book with a not very fortunate title, "The Glamour of the Earth". Mr. Masterman was too kind to the book in what he wrote about it once or twice in the "Daily News", but, looking into it again, I believe I was quite right in attributing the movement from the country to the town not particularly to the wage or cottage question, nor to education, music halls, newspapers; rather to half a century and more of "an irresistible wave of change in thoughts, ideas, and manners of life . . . a period which has seen the triumph of the manufacturing interest over the land, the coming into his right of citizenship of the field-worker. A larger, freer life, fuller of incident, has opened out to the peasant as to other classes by the revolution, material and intellectual, of these years".

Then, life among the trams is vastly more exciting than life among the trees. It is more interesting. If people with books, and friends and pastimes, and with the gift to enjoy natural sights and sounds—"the harvest of a quiet eye"—find town life more interesting on the whole than country life, how much more may people without those things find it so?

It is slow "up street" after Clapham Junction on Saturday night.

There is only one inducement that can fight and beat the inducement of the towns. It is this: if a large body of strong and able and ambitious workers feel they have by sticking to the soil a real chance to

become their own masters and landowners after a fight, they will stay. The lure of the land is a master lure to many villagers, if it only lights the way to freedom or freehold.

To hold land raises a villager in the eyes of his neighbour in England. It raises his social standing. It raises him in Kelly's County Directory. It raises him in the esteem of himself. These are mighty considerations. They imply at least "half the good things which make life worth living" in a village. And there is no need to cant about it—they imply at least half the good things that make life worth living in other states of society.

IMITATION, TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

THE air is still thick with dust kicked up in January at Burlington House. One notices the good old brickbats that have always served in these affrays, whizzing through the clouds. Words like "photographers" and "imitators" hurtle across the stately quadrangle, no doubt terrifying the Royal Societarians and Antiquaries, and thud against Lord Burlington's masterpiece. Sharpshooters from inside keep up a dropping fire of missiles such as "beautiful" and "ugly". Nobody is killed or converted; the whole business amounts to no more than irreconcilable "viewpoints", a little unnecessary bitterness, a little inevitable self-advertisement—et puis bon jour. Then Time will once more gather up the spent missiles over against the next affaire.

But may we not interestedly examine them while yet in active use? "Imitation" thus used has been hard driven these last two years, with unfortunate effect. Apostles of the extravagant schools have preached that the art of representation or imitation has been perfected; that artists must now turn to some new thing. Imitation has been done, pumped dry. In the happy days of Cimabue, they allow, painters were lucky pioneers in virgin regions, but by Titian's time the imitative game was quite played out. I think this doctrine, incredibly shaky as it is, was the chief basis of the new creed.

In this singular view imitation is regarded as an absolute fixed thing detached from and independent of the individual imitator. It is referred to as something discovered, say by Titian, something as definite and unchanging as a circle or a cup turned on a potter's wheel. Once having been made, there it is complete for ever. These apostles talk as though Titian's imitation could be anyone's—Velazquez' or Alma-Tadema's. They seriously talk as if they did not realise that representation, the art of truthfully rendering what one has perceived, does not depend primely on Nature, but on each individual's perception. Why, we never see a thing twice alike; no intent painter painting a jam-jar half a dozen times could turn out six identical imitations of it. An artist adventures into new lands, discovering fresh subtleties and sharper contrasts whenever he sits down to paint from Nature; it is only when he works literally out of his head that he repeats himself. If, then, a painter's own imitation is ceaselessly changing and perpetually renewed, how can the representation attained by another stand for his? the fact that A has made a hearty meal does not fill B's belly.

Another misconception goes to the sandy foundations of this queer theory—namely that the pre-Titian painters were aware of their deficiencies as regards imitative power. But there is no doubt that they and their public thought their pictures deceptively lifelike; imitation always is proportioned to perception. To a paleolithic artist and a child to-day their drawings are as imitative as was Vermeer's loaf of bread (now in the Rijksmuseum) to him. And I have no reason for doubting that the critics of 3000 A.D. will bracket our finest performances with the amusing efforts of their little daughters.

This way of talking about imitation as a fact accom-

plished being thus illogical, how about its use as ammunition for Academicians? Careful analysis of typical Royal Academicism shows conclusively that instead of suffering from imitation (i.e. truthful rendering of what is perceived), it suffers from inability to render its quota of truth. In relation to its environment, that is, whether from insincerity or inability academicism is not working at full power; its expression of truths perceived is below the standard of its day. If we take Velazquez' "Philip IV." in the National Gallery, and Vermeer's "Lady with a Letter" at Amsterdam, as examples of superior imitation, it is obvious that ordinary academic portraits and genre are poor perfunctory imitations, lacking the acute perception that sees subtlety of tone and colour to say nothing of humanity. So that they traffic only in generalisations which easily become debased into mechanical conventions. Degas painting a fuddled woman at a café table with a man who stares sullenly into infinity, troubles us with an atmosphere of disquieting complexity. We cannot generalise about and classify this sodden woman and indifferent cryptic man; they are enigmatical, elusive, not stock artists' models. An academician paints Pharaoh's daughter or a milkmaid, Phidias or a buck in Empire costume, and we sum them all up at once as dolls. Perceiving nothing subtle the painter has represented obvious generalisations and conventions—pink cheeks, pearly teeth, and fawn breeches with the correct number of buttons just below the calf. His brethren insist that his dolls are Art because they are beautiful (pink complexions, perfect hair and teeth guaranteed), and that Degas' human wreckage is not Art because it is ugly life. But which painter, may I ask, is the better imitator?

Having come to "beautiful" we are under academic fire, the same old futile peppering that has gone on ever since academies began. God in His heaven has recently been put on trial by a perfervid champion of Alma-Tadema, who is driven to deliver as an ultimatum that unless beauty (of the doll order) prevail over ugliness he will withdraw his patronage. This is very serious.

But may we not be a little clearer as to the nature of the beautiful and its relation to truth? Without professing that everything true is beautiful yet we cannot hesitate a moment in denying that the false is beautiful. The lady who found Moses may have been mysterious, noble and lovely; a picture that construes her into a pretty doll while intending the other thing irrefutably convicts its author of a false standard. To children and, I believe, the ignorant heather, a doll is radiant beauty; but not to people of acuter perception and sympathy. Therefore those artists who still see with the undeveloped naïveté of children do not express the sum of truth perceived by their contemporaries. Beauty no more than good exists as a definite external fact; it is all a matter of longitude and relation. Truth too is a shifting quantity; but once fresh contributions have been made the old totals of truth and beauty cease to exist; we cannot go back to them. Nor, of course, can we recognise good or truth or beauty without their opposite abstractions; but for the Abbays and Tademas of this world we should not fully realise the truth of Degas.

I do not intend to argue that the ultimate value of Art that coldly exposes the repulsive is as a foil to Art dealing with the noble. Certainly no such conscious motive influences artists. But we do not doubt that the collective knowledge of humanity, noble, mediocre and repulsive, gained by artists through the centuries must work up to something sublime in its comprehension. I cannot conceive that centuries of pretty doll pictures would contribute anything to our perception of life, its enigmas, its constant suffering and aspiration. So composite is humanity that to know it we must painfully realise every complex ingredient.

For such an enterprise only truth, slowly perceived, is of any value. Are we not in danger of misstating the function of Art when we assert that its sole purpose

is to distract, to decorate and soothe? If that were all it would rank only a little higher than musical comedy, that avowed refuge from the serious business life. Stevenson's reproach that Art is an unmanly calling would then have a sting. But surely even a Royal Academician would seek to find a higher purpose in this so wonderful manifestation of human mind. Does it not seem, if we look down the deep vista that leads away to an immeasurable past, that Art must be one of the most indispensable creative forces; that indeed it is an inseparable part, a complement of those philosophic, religious and scientific energies by which mind has emerged from matter? Regarded thus, Art's chief necessity is truth, in whatever aspect it be perceived, for Beauty is entirely truth-conditioned.

A MOULDER OF OUR DESTINIES.

By JOHN HALSHAM.

PETER WICKENS, labourer, forty-seven, married, with seven children living, tenant of a four-roomed cottage with ten rods of garden at Moon Hill, doing an odd day's work at ditching or beating as chance and his humours serve, feels that the world is cruelly against him. With two of his boys earning wages, should he not be able to take the good the gods provide, enjoy his beer and his pipe, lie in bed till ten in the morning, range the country after dark on his private affairs, wire a rabbit, pick up firing from the shaws or his neighbour's hedges, without having half the parish down on him? As he stands motionless, hands in his pockets and elbows out of the ragged sleeves, in mid-morning in his garden-patch, where the rusty spade is still stuck among the weeds, untouched since last year's miserable potatoes were scratched out of the ridges, he sends a malevolent look from furtive eye-corner at the passer-by beyond the hedge, without raising his narrow ferret face. Responsible opinion in the parish seems to be divided as to whether Peter, if he got his deserts, ought to be whipped as a sturdy rogue, or "put away" as a troublesome idiot. His nearest neighbours have expressed the opinion that both courses of correction might run concurrently; but whatever the wits may be that work in that narrow sugar-loaf head, they are sufficiently alert to avoid any overt challenge to law and order. He drinks, as the wisely comprehensive phrase has it; but his visible states of liquor seldom go beyond that homeward progress in loops and zigzags which is rather too common for remark on the road from the village on Saturday nights. His midnight expeditions somehow escape the censure of the keeper and the bailiff; his pickings-up of trifles from the neighbours' out-houses and gardens, a half-faggot, a lump of coal, a few roots from the clamp, property consumable and leaving no evidence, are worked on a cautious plan of modesty in taking and wise intervals which makes it unlikely that anyone will trouble to have him before the Bench. His business methods—for their perspicacity really deserves the style—with the shops, the village nurse, the doctor, are a study in the art of deferred payments. The monthly eight shillings for the rent—always the first charge on the income—is saved and put by with such comparative regularity as suggests that a demand on the part of the baker and the grocer as rigid as that of the bailiff's inexorable call might result in a much better show of solvency than is usually visible. Whether the easy hand be wise policy or not, it is an understood thing that the baker will very rarely refuse credit for bread; "the shop"—which sells practically everything else that the cottagers require, save firing—if rather more businesslike than the baker, is often easy in a curiously indiscriminating way. When there happens to be a choice of bakers or general-shops, the game of running scores and transferring one's custom, as played by Peter Wickens, is a very neat form of bilking. The doctor and the village nurse, though they might refuse to have anything to do with the astute rascal himself, have no choice, according

to the established code of opinion, about attending the wife and children, well knowing what the final resort of a County Court order is worth. Peter uses his family with practised skill, both as a shield against attempts at reform and as a lever to extract help from a scandalised public, which fumes under the dilemma of enlarging Peter's beer and tobacco allowance, or leaving the wife and the new baby to starve. The Union? No; Peter does not want to go into the Union; and so the casual job of a day's beating, or mangold-pulling (which in times of affluence he has been known to decline on the ground that he would get his feet wet) is accepted, and saves the happy home from the clutches of the Guardians. The Vicar and his district visitors may see to it that the children do not go empty; but there is no way of so nicely calculating the supplies that they may be certain not to set free a liberal proportion for the replenishing of father's pot and pipe. For five years the experiment has gone on; and the white-faced, half-grown children, the worn-out slatternly wife and the swag-bellied rogue, loafing through his days in an aura of beer and shag which hangs the width of the road all round him, are a sufficient testimony of its success. The eldest two boys work on a neighbouring farm at five and six shillings a week; and their father, having announced coram publico one night in the Red Lion bar that he'd take d—d good care he didn't have to work more'n he liked now, impounds their wages and leaves them, half-fed and clad in patchwork of cast-off clothes, to work, by some strange reversion of inheritance, as he never worked for a single hour of his career. Neighbours have taken in food when they knew the master was safely at the Lion; and more than once fists have been shaken under his nose, and tongues "laid to him" in honest wrath by the good women who have found him skulking with his pipe in the garden-patch when the children were crying hungry round the empty fireplace. The landlord has "dressed him down proper", and the Vicar when he calls usually "upsets him something dreadful", as the wife reports, maintaining, as the way of her kind is, her ruffian against the conspiring world. But under every sort of attack he stands unmoved, with stooped shoulders and lowered face, mute or muttering sounds of injured virtue, and finally slinks off completely victorious, superior to the whole battery of progress brought against him. Our social science seems indeed to be at the end of its resources in dealing with such an elementary type. The cottage at Moon Hill contains only a kitchen-living-room, a lean-to wash-house at the back, one bedroom in front and a landing with a trap-door and ladder under the thatch which counts as another; and it accommodates the father and mother and the seven boys and girls, whose ages range from nearly seventeen to two months. As this state of things has continued for several years unrebuked, we conclude that our elaborate functionaries observe no overcrowding, and that it must be all right. In the matter of cruelty—the first charge to be hurled at Wickens by exploding matrons—it seems that in practice there is no ground for inspectors to revise the ménage. Peter's genius does not need forms of violence; the world has provided soft passages on the line of least resistance, always open to mild-mannered rascaldom; and the most incensed of neighbours has never suggested that he actively ill-treats his children. And if a chronic state of going half-clad and short of food, of stunted growth and sickliness which cannot stomach the midday crust at school, and makes lessons a monstrous torture, if these are to be imputed as cruelty to a stout and able-bodied householder, exuding beer at every pore, there is ample defence in the sulky growl or snivelling whine, as occasion demands, asking the inquisitor what a chap is to do that hasn't had more'n a day and a half hedging or swede-pulling in the last fortnight? It is waste of breath to tell him that not a single farmer in three parishes round will give him a job, except under stress of the busiest times in haying or harvest, or from pity for the wife and children, because they know him to be a malicious rogue and sneaking thief,

a prince of slackers at his work, and given to leaving it without notice on any whim or the demands of some of his underground affairs. Once again the resources of society fall back baffled by the creature which they have contrived.

And does it end there, a matter of parochial interest merely? Shall we leave Peter to the ministrations of the Vicar, the panel doctor, the attendance and relief officers, and those laborious and little recognised Danaids, the lady visitors, satisfied that his manners and scheme of life only concern the immediate agencies, those whereby the State directly touches the poor, and those unofficial and voluntary ones which fill up the State's congenital deficiencies and incompetences, to enable it to carry on for so much as a single day? Some of us, at any rate, are inclined to believe that our Peter Wickenses—for our particular friend is only a rather bad specimen of a fairly large tribe—are really a matter which concerns the whole nation; we wish at times that they might be exhibited before those remote Olympian powers which make laws for us and rule us, we somewhat dimly trust, for our ultimate good. At the least Peter is what people call a document; and in some lights he looks almost like a portent. An ill-conditioned and reactionary person might no doubt find pretexts for adducing him as a notable specimen of what our educational workshops and our social machinery are capable of turning out and leaving loose upon the world, a half-imbecile pest to reproduce his kind and eternally bother his neighbours. But the Olympians have granted him larger liberty than that; passed and accredited by every test, he is a member of the ruling class, a contributor to the *Vox Dei*. There comes a time in the gyration of our political system when ladies—of another order of being than that which district visitors usually belong to—gratify the Wickens kitchen with their scents and furs, and talk to Wickens, in simple language, of the state of the country and the duty to one's party, and presently make entries in little books and depart in their motor cars to other conquests. There comes a day when a beribboned car waits at the lane-end for Wickens himself, and bears him off in glory to the poll to give his vote as may befall, out of muddled recollection of cross-promises, or mere monkey-spice, or perhaps, with cautious knowingness and a lurking joy at having cheated both sides, to leave his paper undefiled.

Such accidents of the suffrage lie too far below the gaze of Olympus; but to earth-dwellers in the lower plains they serve to give an irreverently humorous turn to certain sacred sayings about a man, his vote and its value, which is one.

UPWARDS.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE steep steps of the old church were thronged with peasants and with the dwellers in the Roman slums. The stair led upwards almost as steeply as the legendary, perhaps, almost untrodden path that leads to heaven. Upon them a sort of semi-pious, semi-pagan fair was going on, and men and women cried their wares, cheap images of saints, scapularies, and rosaries, their beads cut out of bone, with chains of leady-looking tin. A crucifix, stamped out by the hundred dozen in a mill, dangled from each of them. The symbol was the same as if it had been carved in ivory and every link of gold. No doubt, in their last hours the presentment of their Redeemer moulded in tin (or stamped) was as consoling to them as the finest work of the Renaissance. It also served them just as well when they swore falsely, with real tears in their eyes, calling upon the moulded figure to lift His hand and slay them if they were lying, as they pressed it to their lips and lied. Withal they were a merry, handsome, loud-voiced crowd, and freely bought the sweetmeats and the flaky pastry which were on sale, together with the pious objects of their faith, out of the superfluity of their penury. The crowd pushed up the steps, the younger men halting to breathe and spit at every

flight; the elder men and women toiling on, their eyes upon the ground, their hearts perhaps fixed upon heaven, at a slow plodding walk. Most of them wore a look of pleased but not excited expectation, such as a man has on his face when he returns to some spot well remembered, that he has known for years.

The old brown church looked down and seemed to welcome them, with the straw, leather-bound screen before the door, triced up like a lateen. Where the church stood a temple once had stood, and no doubt also seemed to welcome its crowd of worshippers, for both were heaven's altars in their own way. In fact, so little had the ritual changed inside the church that a pagan worshipper would hardly have felt out of place had he awaked after a sleep of centuries and mingled with the crowd. The skin-clad shepherds, with their wild locks and shaggy beards, the bold-eyed women with their ample busts and wealth of coarse black hair, would all have been familiar to him, and to complete the feeling of familiarity, a whiff of burned-out incense mingled with the scent of garlic floated from the church, just as it must have often floated from the temple of the gods. The thin and parchment-looking women, who generally sit outside the church, day in, day out, the whole year through, receiving alms with a certain condescension, for they know that without them the givers cannot attain to glory through their charity, had given up their posts as a bad job. Nothing blocked the entry to the church, and through the doors the crowd poured in, the men piously crossing themselves in the familiar syncopated style of all men born in Catholic countries, and the women stopping a moment after the pious movement to put a handkerchief upon their hair, after the injunction of S. Paul. The crowd passed in, joyous but orderly, unwashed, yet bearing in every gesture the tradition of a culture that was old, long before Britain was a name. Though women jostled against men, men against women, in the space between the door and the body of the church, no cry was heard, or any giggling protest, such as is certain to be raised in other countries when people press against one another in the dark. Good manners, or the lack of imagination inherent in the race, kept them all within bounds; but yet their bounds were drawn so wide that in any other land they would not have restrained.

Inside, the darkness of the church was intensified by scaffolding, which had been up so long its colour hardly was to be distinguished from the stone. Young priests from all the seminaries in Rome were scattered here and there; their gowns and cassocks, red, green and blue, made blotches of dull colour as they passed to and fro. They moved about in knots, holding their cassocks up a little, just as a woman holds her skirts, for the floor of the church had been strewn with box-leaves, and the passage of the crowd had turned them into mud. There was a look upon their faces half interested, half critical such as an actor wears in a strange theatre. Tombstones, each with a figure carved in high relief upon it, composed the pavement, which made it difficult to walk, and the strong scaffolding with which the aisle was filled cut it off into sections, something like loose-boxes, and on the baulks of timber boys had climbed up to see the show, just as they do when a procession passes down a street. A crowd was gathered round a table by a great pillar in the aisle. On it stood children, girls and boys, who huddled close up to one another for mutual support, just as wild horses do in a corral. Some priests stood by, and a few women, each with an eye upon her child, regarding it with pride tinged with anxiety. Around the table the various seminarists had secured front places and stood expectant, their faces all suffused with mild excitement and with sympathy. The populace, although in general not used to giving place to anyone, but standing unmoved if right in the middle of a crowded street looking at drivers and remarking, "I am a Roman", instinctively had given way to the young priests, as if it recognised their claim. After some little urging, a boy about twelve years of age, dressed in his ordinary clothes,

stood forward, and with a gesture, such as S. Paul made when he spoke to the men of Athens, calling for silence, took up his parable. "My brethren, the heart of Jesus always is open to the pure of spirit. Come to him. . . . Come, my brethren, and hear the words of innocence, I, though a child, speak to you, for my heart is pure, the blessed words which, from the time when first the mysterious star stood fast over the stable in the East, and the three kings entered and knelt before the manger, where the Babe was laid . . . the Babe was laid"—he faltered for a moment, and a priest prompted him with "Courage, my son", and the child began again, just like a phonograph that has stuck for a minute—"the Babe was laid. The blessed word, the tidings of great joy, that we speak every year at this the blessed season of goodwill on earth and peace to all mankind. Therefore, my brethren, let us pray." Then he knelt down, crossing himself, and prayed for grace, and, rising to his feet, stretched out his arms in a fine, untaught gesture, and said: "Therefore, my brethren, after our prayer all that I say is, lay yourselves upon the Saviour's heart and listen to a child". His little sermon over, he stepped back amongst the other children, hot and triumphant, and a subdued but audible murmur of applause broke out from the young priests. One of them, a tall German youth, hung on the youthful preacher's words, with a far-off look of rhapsody upon his face, such as a peasant wears when in a church he sees the relics of a saint displayed. He said, after a sigh, to a companion, "I often think that only children should be allowed to preach", a sentiment with which many who are not priests could well agree, if there were many preachers like the Italian boy.

After the boy, a tiny child was lifted up and bleated out that the Madonna never says "Go away, naughty children"; but always holds her arms out to them and calls them to her breast. When it was duly kissed and lifted down from its high perch, a girl stood up, in direct contradiction of S. Paul's dictum, and launched into a tale. Tall, slight, with a head of rippling dark-brown hair, which gave a look to her as of a youthful Magdalen, she began, twisting her thin brown hands about, a little tale of a Christian maiden of old times exposed to peril through the wickedness of a young Roman knight. In a high voice she told how Agatha prayed to the blessed Madonna in her peril, and how God's Holy Mother struck the wretch with blindness, which only was removed when, at the Christian maiden's exhortation, the wicked Roman was baptised. "Come, then, to the Madonna, our dear mother, she who has care of all us children, seeing in every one of us the image of her Son."

The child cast down her eyes, crossed herself, threw back her hair a little, and, turning, stood a moment for that admiration that she was well aware was due to her. The seminarists, though perhaps not so much edified as with the boy, were still human enough to look admiringly at the young, pious actress, and then they trooped away across the church towards the presentment of the manger, where ox and ass stood looking at the sleeping Babe, whilst the three kings laid gifts before his feet. Whether the piles of carrots, lettuces, potatoes, and of artichokes that were heaped up before the manger were the gifts of the three kings or those of pious members of the congregation was difficult to say. Still, there they were, giving an air of actuality that the plaster ox and ass, the figure of the shepherd with his gourd hanging from his waist, and all the other pious properties, a little took away. Progress, which had left untouched the sanitary condition of the little streets outside the church, had worked great changes on the presentment of the stable where was laid the Babe. The figures of the Madonna, of Joseph, and of the kings were all of stucco painted in gaudy colours, and evidently had come from France. Their costumes had a kind of accuracy, giving them the effect of pious chromolithographs in books on Palestine.

Far different was the presentation of the manger a generation since. In those days, instead of a white

glare from the electric light, three or four candles shed a murky gleam upon the scene. Joseph was dressed in mediæval clothes, the Blessed Virgin might have stepped from a canvas either of Carlo Dolce or Guercino; two of the Magi wore what their designer no doubt thought was Babylonian court dress; the third was painted blacker than the ace of spades, with an enormous turban and a scimitar. Progress had touched the manger in the Ara Coeli with its finger, making it up to date, more realistic and less natural; but the effect remained the same to the poor peasants and slum-dwellers who were looking on.

The spectacle, not being sentimental, held no attraction for the knots of seminarists who had pressed closely round the preaching children and stood enraptured at their words. They passed by, if not indifferent, yet half ashamed, one or two muttering "These sort of things are of the nature of a kindergarten . . . fit for the poor and the uneducated". So may a modernist regard with loathing a poor peasant kissing the brazen toe of the statue of S. Peter, quite unaware that the kiss and the man who kisses form the backbone of the Church which Peter founded, not on philosophy, but on blind faith, without foreseeing that in these latter days mountains would rise and block the path to heaven of the poor worshipper.

So round the chapel, with its glare of light and paper rocks, its stucco figures, and its ox and ass looking as if they had been borrowed from a child's Noah's ark, there was a throng of humble folk. Ragged old cloaks, so frayed and worn that the edges looked as if they had been fringed, covered up rags, and knotted horny hands that all their lives had toiled to produce all that made life worth living for, for others, leaned upon iron-shod staves. Girls with a dirty pocket-handkerchief balanced upon their heads stood gazing, just as a deer in a park stands gazing at a motor when it passes with a roar. Two soldiers, freshly caught, whose uniforms looked as if they had been made of cardboard, and in whose faces was the stare of wonder that they had brought from some lost village in the Apennines, stood and admired, talking in a strange dialect of the hills.

Children ran in and out amongst their elders' legs, and on the base of a great pillar sat an old peasant and his wife. Years and hard fare had turned their skins to parchment. No water had defiled their bodies since the day that they were born, and their patched clothes were indefinable in hue, with perhaps a shade of dusky brown giving a note of colour to them, as they sat looking like two bundles of dried vines. They gazed intensely with the air of seeing nothing that is so frequent in aged people who have passed hard lives, and the old man, letting his hand fall gently on his companion's knee, said, "Where is the infant Jesus; I cannot see Him for the bright light that they put over the Blessed Virgin's head; but the ox and ass I see quite plainly looking down at the Babe". He saw the ox and ass; the crowd saw all the figures of the "presepio" just as they saw their daily lives, without the understanding of them. The youthful preachers and the manger, the knots of seminarists, the country folk, and the old couple sitting like Philemon and Baucis on the stone base of the great pillar, the church itself, and the religion that it taught, all seemed legitimate descendants of the old worshippers who once had worshipped in the temple that had stood upon the place. Their joys and hopes and fears were of an older world, a world human but outworn, lovable and yet passing from our eyes, although we gazed upon it as the old peasant gazed, striving to see the Babe.

Slowly the crowd dispersed, tramping out heavily in their nailed shoes, and leaving yet one or two women still looking at the chapel and carrying children in their arms. Over their heads floated two toy balloons, one red, one yellow, and with the children looking up at them as they floated in the air. They soared up heavenwards, and might have reached the sky, had not the low roof of the church beaten them down again.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OSCAR SLATER CASE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Windlesham Crowborough Sussex.

SIR—I read with pleasure and interest the remarks of Mr. Filson Young in your last issue upon this case. After expressing his sympathy with those who, like myself, have endeavoured to bring about a reconsideration of what we consider to be a gross miscarriage of justice, he ends with the words, "I hope, however, that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will not allow it to rest". I should be glad to know what more there is that I can do in this matter. I devoted some two months to mastering the details of the case and writing a pamphlet to acquaint the public with the facts. Now, as it seems to me, the issue lies with the Scottish nation. If they are content to leave this blot upon their criminal jurisprudence, the responsibility lies with them. Sooner or later I think that common sense will assert itself. Meanwhile we can only wait patiently for its appearance. What with Edalji and what with Oscar Slater, I think that, should ever a new Dreyfus case arise in France, we should be more charitable in our judgment of our neighbours.

Yours faithfully

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THE NEWSPAPER PROPHET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Aliwal North, South Africa

13 January 1913.

SIR—In one of our South African newspapers of 10 January 1913 was a cablegram which contained Reuter's version of the Unionists' memorial to Mr. Bonar Law. It ended by informing South Africa that the Liberal papers are jubilant at the "surrender of Bonar Law, a smashing blow to Chamberlain, and the victory of Lancashire".

In the interests of British journalism let us hope the cablegraphed grounds for Liberal (i.e. Coalition) jubilation have been sufficiently considered by their leaders and journalistic exponents. On the other hand, those who habitually scan the broader horizon and thereby have become conscious of the activity of forces inimical to British nationalism and imperialism, are more likely to hope they will disappear. Supposing they did, it would not shock South Africa, for it would not by a long way be the first time respectable English newspapers have stultified themselves in recent years.

One instance still fresh in my memory deserves mention. For several years past I have read the English "Review of Reviews"—not because its editorial comments on political topics of the day appealed to me—and was frequently struck, in fact sometimes disgusted, with the late editor's ill-grounded antagonism to Tariff Reform, yet sympathy with destructiveness in more traditional directions. Shortly before his tragic death the late editor, with singular self-assurance and contempt for his opponents, went so far as to tell his readers that Tariff Reform in the United Kingdom was dead, as dead as—I forget the word he used; perhaps it was "mutton".

In face of evidence of antecedent growth of protective principles in Great Britain and Ireland, of contemporary clamours for protective duties, and the present prominence given to Tariff Reform by the most powerful political organisation in the British Isles, the late editor's journalistic prevision can hardly be disassociated from error. Politically speaking, his pronouncement anent Tariff Reform was therefore misleading to the public both at home and abroad.

Now, Sir, do you consider journalism of that kind good for British politics, for the nation, for the Empire, more especially the Colonies? Personally, I do not, because it will belittle the value of British prevision in the eyes of the whole world, seeing that it comes from the heart of the Empire.

Yours faithfully

A. ODELL HOLCROFT.

THE SCOTT FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 February 1913.

SIR—Some of the newspapers are beginning to ask why subscriptions to the Antarctic Memorial Funds are not as readily forthcoming as they might be. I should think the explanation probably lies in the recent behaviour of a great part of the daily Press itself. Surely nothing is better calculated to divert sympathy, and even to convert it into unsympathetic nausea, than the way in which many of the daily papers, morning and evening, vied with one another, during the first few days, in producing whole columns of childish slip-slop and maudlin sentimentality. Particularly objectionable to the ordinarily well-balanced mind is the modern artifice of making each sentence of sensational copy into a separate paragraph, in order, I suppose, to suggest that the writer, in his condition of grief-stricken incoherence, can only express his woeful reflexions in a series of gasps. A greater contrast can hardly be conceived than that between this kind of stuff, which was supposed to give expression to the feelings of the nation, and the calmly philosophic last utterance of Captain Scott himself. If Scott was sublime, the newspapers to which I refer were ridiculous and contemptible.

If a bereaved individual were to air his grief in like manner he would excite pity for his state of mind, and wonder at his ideas of dignity and decency, but no very great sympathy in his distress. And in the case of nations it is the same. If the survivors are not to exclaim "Save us from our friends", the Press must drop its childish style, exercise a decent restraint, and make a dignified appeal. Reasonable men and women will readily respond to it.

I am Sir yours faithfully

G. M. M.

POSTER EXHIBITIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Graystoke Cross Oak Road Berkhamsted

15 February 1913.

SIR—Mr. E. Urwick raises a question that is worthy the attention of all interested in poster art, and as one who in the past has taken a very active interest in the subject, having, amongst other things, been responsible for the organisation of the poster exhibit at the Crystal Palace Exhibition twelve years ago, I may be permitted a few remarks.

I am quite at one with Mr. Urwick in deploring the lack of public interest in the artistic poster. When years ago I commenced to collect all that was worthy of attention on the hoardings, I found that I had embarked upon a hobby of absorbing interest. Later, when after a close study of the whole subject I had accumulated a more comprehensive knowledge of British and foreign posters, I was persuaded to publish "A Book of the Poster", which to this day remains the only monograph on the art.

Then the poster collector was in evidence, and poster collecting threatened to rival philately. Now, alas! it would be difficult to find a collector in the length and breadth of the land. Why? It is difficult to say. Anyhow, if the inherent interest of the subject was fully realised there should be as many poster collectors as philatelists.

Possibly one cause of this decadence was the short-sightedness of printers and proprietors of posters in refusing to sell or give away copies of their posters. That may have discouraged many collectors. It only gave me greater zest for the hobby, and much fun I got out of my contests with reluctant poster people in my persistent quest of their productions, as is duly set forth in "A Book of the Poster".

The Crystal Palace Exhibition resulted in the formation of an organisation termed "The Poster Academy", the function of which was to encourage poster art. Its committee of eight included John Hassall, Dudley Hardy, Will True, Robert Sauber, Tom Brown,

Bernard Partridge, James Pryde and myself, and we worked hard to give it life, but got little encouragement, and the whole thing collapsed.

The next move must be from without, and if effect could be given to Mr. Urwick's suggestions I am of opinion that such organisation as results should be officered by men who are not directly interested either in designing or in printing posters. The large advertisers should be admitted, for after all they are the persons who would be most interested in fostering art in the poster.

One function of such a society should be to collect and catalogue all the best posters of the world. A permanent exhibition of such posters would be of much educational value, and invaluable to students of poster-craft. Even these same advertisers would find much to learn from such an exhibition. There is more I might say on the subject, but I have already made excessive inroads upon your space.

Yours faithfully

W. S. ROGERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

City Art Gallery Leeds

SIR—With reference to Mr. E. Urwick's letter on this topic will you allow me to state that an Exhibition of Posters and Colour Printing was opened at the City Art Gallery, Leeds, on the 22nd ult. and will remain open till the end of April?

The exhibition includes a few examples of Toulouse Lautrec, Cheret, Steinlen, Ospovat, the Beggarstaff Brothers and other artists who have done good work in the past, but it does not aim to be historic and its chief feature is a series of collections of posters by French, German, Swiss and other living artists which are being used to-day for commercial purposes on the Continent and in America. Many of these are now being shown in England for the first time, among them being the brilliant posters executed by a British artist, Mr. J. D. Fergusson, for a well-known American firm.

It is hoped that this exhibition will appeal both to art-lovers and to business men, and that it will tend to dispel the ignorance of the best poster work being done to-day, here as well as abroad, an ignorance to which Mr. Urwick does well to call attention.

Yours faithfully

FRANK RUTTER.

LELY AND THE STUART PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 February 1913.

SIR—With reference to Mr. MacColl's indulgent article on this book in last week's Review, I should like to point out, in the interests of accuracy, that where I have characterised Lely's "Admirals", painted in 1665-6, as earlier work than his "Duke of Buckingham", of about 1677-80, such use of "earlier" should not be charged to my account as a "slip". By saying that Van Somer painted "more or less in two dimensions" I wished to convey that in comparison with Mytens he painted more in the flat than in the round. My use of "more or less" was sinfully loose, as Mr. MacColl easily showed; but I stick to my two dimensions as being in the context descriptive. Again, in the interests of accuracy, I submit that Mr. MacColl's claim that "the lovely miniature art of the English Hilliard" came from the German Holbein is not exact. Holbein learnt the art of miniature when he was in England; there is abundant quality in Hilliard and all the English miniaturists derived only from the school that Holbein found here. When I am lucky enough to have worked out the painter of Mr. MacColl's charming "Graham of Claverhouse" (I have sometimes wondered if he was one of the Dusarts), perhaps I shall be privileged to present Mr. MacColl to the Englishness of English art. Here I fear I usurp the vocabulary rights of the "treeness of a tree" writer. I should express my sincere contrition to him and to Sir F.

Wedmore for having apparently infringed his sole rights to the word "reticent". I must also express my debt to Mr. MacColl for having so greatly struggled in his kind review to suppress a private boredom with a type and period of art unfortunately doomed to his indifference.

I am your obedient servant

C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

"DESCENDED FROM MOST OF THE IRISH KINGS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Edinburgh 5 February 1913.

SIR—Does this foolish inscription exist in Westminster Abbey? Your correspondent Mr. Minchin says it is to be found in the tomb of "an actor named Barry".

This must clearly refer to Spranger Barry, a worthy rival of Garrick, excelling him in some respects, and much so in face and figure. He was thought highly of in his own time, both off and on the stage. I cannot find his epitaph in any book I have consulted about the Abbey, but I would be surprised if it contained the above statement. Barry is not an Irish name.

The origin of this story may be found on a mural tablet in the Cloisters (where Barry also is buried). It is erected to the memory of Arthur O'Keefe and his wife Isabella. If I remember rightly, his epitaph says he was "descended from the ancient kings of Ireland". It is many years since I have seen the monument.

John O'Keefe, the dramatist, refers to this tablet in his memoirs, published in 1826. He says: "When I was first in London I was eager to bring my young friends to see the monument of Arthur O'Keefe and his wife Isabella". He unfortunately does not give the epitaph, nor does he say anything about the old Irish kings. He does not claim any relationship with Arthur O'Keefe nor does he mention that his family was of royal extraction. He quotes with approval however in another part of his recollections an excerpt from Ferrar's "History of Limerick"; that refers to a "regal chieftain" of his clan who, by striking off the head of Magnus the Danish standard-bearer and taking the Banner of the Three Ravens, thus destroyed its magic power, and so contributed materially to winning the battle of Clontarf. This may supply some foundation for the legend. I do not remember Thackeray's references to it.

I am yours etc.

J. H. MURRAY.

HUMANE SLAUGHTER OF ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Surrenden Park Pluckley Kent

25 February 1913.

SIR—A short time ago you kindly inserted a letter of mine in which I said that the powder charge has to be so small in humane slaughterers that sometimes a large animal suffers, as it is not killed outright. In the "Scotsman" of 21 February there is a report of a demonstration of slaughtering cattle which bears out my experience in every detail. The report says: "On the invitation of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a company . . . was present at a humane slaughtering demonstration. . . . The exhibition yesterday was a compressed air-killer and a bolt pistol . . . The first animal brought out, a fine bullock . . . the compressed-air instrument was applied, but with only partial success, and the pole-axe had to be requisitioned to effect the death of the animal . . . to a third animal the pole-axe alone was applied, and that most effectively, but two cartridges were required before another of the instruments did its work. The first cartridge was damp". The excuse that the cartridge was damp seems rather curious, as all pistol cartridges are damp-proof.

Yours very truly

WALTER WINANS.

REVIEWS.

LIBERALISM AND THE FUTURE.

"The Meaning of Liberalism." By J. M. Robertson.
London: Methuen. 1912. 5s.

THIS is not an easy book to review in the literary columns of a journal. The subject-matter, though not intrinsically controversial, is necessarily illustrated from essentially controversial party politics, which obviously cannot be fully handled either by the writer or the reader without raising issues that fall outside the reviewer's province. At the same time it is only fair to point out that probably no one is better aware of this, and no one could have handled these questions in a better temper and with a more patent desire to be fair than Mr. Robertson himself.

The book is well worth reading by everyone whose interest in the serious political issues of to-day and to-morrow goes beyond a newspaper knowledge, aggravated by class or professional bias. It is the work of a serious thinker, who is in earnest, who has read very widely, who has deliberately equipped himself by disciplined toil, who has very definite convictions and is fully aware of the gravity of the issues and the importance of clear thinking and sound conclusions. Even more important is the impression left on a reader's mind that the writer is fully aware that Liberalism, if it has not already reached the cross-roads, is about to do so, and that not merely the future of the party but the future of the country will to a large extent turn on the decision taken by, the interpretation given to, and the policy of, Liberalism in the future. Mr. Robertson would probably say that this is equally true of Conservatism; we are not concerned here to deny or dispute the truth of the retort. It is the recognition of the fact which makes his contribution to the problem much more than interesting; it makes it weighty, which does not mean that it is necessarily convincing, but that it is worthy of serious consideration and must be met and answered by those whom it does not convince.

The book, if not easy, certainly is not hard reading. If it was intended to be a popular exposition, it is pretty certain that it will not be popular in the sense of appealing to the taste and capacity of the man and woman in the tube and the motor-bus who have taken the place of Bagehot's incarnation of public opinion in "the bald-headed man at the back of the omnibus". Mr. Robertson writes with the effectiveness of a cultivated mind of real ability, of a man who has spared himself no trouble either in reading or in thinking; his style is clear and workmanlike, and it says what the writer intended to say; but it lacks literary charm, and it lacks intellectual distinction. The argument at times is uncomfortably packed and condensed, and the writer takes for granted too often that the reader is as well acquainted with his allusions or his references and can supply the lacunæ or read between the paragraphs as satisfactorily as the writer. This will admittedly not be the case with our bald-headed friend or his counterpart to-day, who has never opened a treatise on political economy and never (except under compulsion) will, who has never read or would dream of reading Mill, T. H. Green, Maine, Herbert Spencer, Bradley, Karl Marx, or any other serious contributor to "Political Science". Mr. Robertson in short will appeal to serious and educated men and women, and they will find plenty in his pages to argue about and much that will make them mentally uncomfortable; but his book will not be popular. If for no other reason, there is not enough passion and sentiment in it.

Certain other characteristics are equally plain. The plan of the book is very significant. Part I. deals with Liberalism as a creed, when after two chapters on "Natural Determinants and Theory and Practice" (on which a word must be said presently) we have chapters on "Liberalism and Taxation", "Liberalism and Political Machinery", "Liberalism and Foreign Policy". Part II. is devoted to Liberalism and Socialism (largely

economic), and Part III. deals with Capital, Brains, and Labour (also largely economic). Half of the book at least is therefore concerned with economic issues, and of that half the greater portion is concerned with exposing the economic and political fallacies and heresies of "Socialism" and the programme of what may be roughly and intelligibly termed the "Labour party" and in showing how Liberalism will realise more effectively, because based on a sounder economic and political analysis, the legitimate demands and ideals of an industrial democracy than the "Labour" or "Socialist" parties. Readers will judge for themselves whether Mr. Robertson makes out his case; but it is deeply significant that a thoughtful and trained mind regards the main issues of the immediate future as essentially problems in economics, yet does not correlate these economic issues to principles and issues which are not economic. For consider the omissions in this scheme. There is no separate section on Liberalism and religion; none on Liberalism and the Empire; none on Liberalism and education; none on Liberalism and what we will call here the woman question; none on Liberalism and defence. It would be neither true nor fair to imply that Mr. Robertson does not touch on some or all of these fundamental problems. For example the Indian question is briefly discussed in the section on foreign policy; the problem of woman suffrage is argued at some length; and so with Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment; but we should like to put, not in any partisan or dialectic spirit, two plain questions. First, does Mr. Robertson really hold that the Liberalism of the future, if it is to command the assent and support of a majority of the people of Great Britain, will not have to face these problems of religion, empire, education, marriage, and so forth with as reasoned a creed and as clearly defined a policy as the grave economic issues he most justifiably discusses? Secondly, if it should, on what principles does it propose to face them and why are they not included in his scheme? or (in another way) if Liberalism has no answer, is it not doomed to perish? We are not concerned with supplying Mr. Robertson with an answer, still less with inquiring into the adequacy of the answer, whatever it may be. But we will give two concrete examples as illustrations of the significance of the omission. It may be taken for granted that in the next ten years there will be a demand both in Great Britain and the Colonies for changes in the present Imperial political and governmental machinery. What is the creed and policy of Liberalism in this momentous movement? Has it got a creed or a policy? If it has not, can it escape the necessity of making one? It may be that Conservatism has not got a creed or a policy; but that is irrelevant. A creed, we submit, that aims at setting out what Liberalism is and what it stands for and does not place the Imperial issue in the forefront of political problems and be ready with some answer based on principles and ideals has failed in an essential chapter of our national life. For a Liberalism which rightly or wrongly rejects the policy of Imperial Preference in its widest sense may have successfully scrapped what it regards as a wrong policy, but it has not solved, and is not in the way to solve, the problem by a blank negative.

Secondly, what of marriage, divorce, the family, and the child? The problem of the marriage law, proposals for altering which are now under serious discussion, is not simply the question whether further facilities for divorce are to be granted or withheld. It goes to the root of the religious question, and also of the present and future position of women and children in the social life of the future. What are the principles of Liberalism? What is its vision of the social life of to-morrow? Mr. Robertson does not tell us any more than he tells us what Liberalism will do or ought to do in the future, on the supposition that the Welsh Disestablishment Bill becomes law. Have, in short, our serious politicians sufficiently grasped what is patent to serious students outside parliamentary politics, that the "unrest" and "the political apathy" which are so

strangely combined and so prominent to-day cannot be wholly (perhaps not even mainly) ascribed to economic causes, however patiently, sympathetically and profoundly we analyse and search for these? A successful reconstruction piece by piece of the economic fabric on new principles will not by itself restore mental equilibrium and a vivid interest in the future of our national life and state. Men and women want to-day a new, or rather a convincing, creed of life quite as sorely as they may want a different economic order of society or a distribution of wealth on different principles. Will the thinkers and leaders of our political parties recognise in time that modern "disillusionment" and "unrest" are not the products of economic discontent alone, but also of genuine intellectual and moral distress and despair, which no material anodynes can or will cure? The political creed the formularies and ideals of which include a convincing answer to the fundamental difficulties of modern life (other than economic) may not be the creed of to-day, but it will be the creed to which the victory of the future assuredly belongs.

It does not need an acquaintance with Mr. Robertson's other writings to discover that his analysis and explanation of political phenomena rest on a theory of political and social evolution and an interpretation of causation which very clearly define his philosophical position. He is a scientific positivist, determinist, and naturalist in the strict philosophical sense of these terms, and his first chapter reveals this. Many, we believe probably the great majority of those who read that first chapter will reject its implications, both of thought and of interpretation. The rejection will not prevent them from reading with profit the rest of the book. But their dissent will suggest two simple but grave doubts. On Mr. Robertson's premisses his conclusions follow easily and logically. But if the premisses are incomplete or unsound, what then? "Political wisdom", says the writer very truly, "is of the nature of science and involves the habit of detachment, the capacity to realise political forces in terms of the whole play of things." But if, for reasons into which we cannot enter here, a serious reader decides that in this book and particularly in this first chapter we have not got the social and political forces "in terms of the whole play of things" the book may leave us with a genuine admiration for the ability, knowledge, and seriousness of purpose of the writer; it may convince on this or that specific proposal or topic, but it will not provide a complete and satisfying interpretation of life as a whole, nor will its message have the stamp of finality.

THE EPIC OF FARMING IN ENGLISH.

"The Georgics of Virgil in English Verse." By Arthur S. Way. London: Macmillan. 1912. 2s. 6d. net.

RECENTLY the old controversy as to the merits and possibilities of English hexameters was revived in an interesting form. A version of the "Odyssey" in English hexameters, accompanied by a preface skilfully defending the medium, was the occasion of this renewal. But on the whole the conclusion arrived at was the old one. The differences between the quantitative scansion of the Greek and Latin hexameter and the English system of stress or accent really make an English quantitative hexameter a rigid and unmanageable thing to produce, and the true solution of the difficulty is probably to be found in some loose and dactylic measure. Good effects have been realised by making the sixth foot of one syllable, and by alternating anapaests, introduced by anacrusis, with the hexameters. For example, Tennyson's "Voyage of Maeldune" or Lord Bowen's "Virgil".

Mr. Way works on these lines in the present volume, as in his "Odyssey", and we have always thought this is the proper vehicle for Virgil translation. He is familiar to the great majority of our readers as the translator of the Greek tragedians and other classics, and his present work in no way detracts from his

reputation. The "Georgics" of Virgil present the "landscape-lover, lord of language", in his most attractive guise, and contain some of his finest poetry. In conjunction with the "Eclogues" they show us his passionate love of the countryside, his innate purity and sweetness of nature, his scorn of cities and their artificiality, and enable us to realise "*quantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem*" in a new sense; how hard it was for him to become the Poet-Laureate of the Roman Empire, the champion of the existing order, and the courtier of Augustus. Helped to this task as he was by the essential idealism and chastity of his nature, fired with the purpose of preaching the great destiny that awaited a reformed and purified city, he must have returned with relief to his beloved countryside and enjoyed, with relish enhanced by separation, the "*divini gloria ruris*". Perhaps we can best illustrate Mr. Way's work by quoting his rendering of some of the more familiar passages of his original. Here is the rhapsody on Italy which finds a haunting echo in Tennyson's "Daisy":

"The rich Virgilian rustic measure
Of 'Lari Maxume', all the way".

"Georg." ii. 136:

"But neither the Median forests, how rich soever their land,
Neither Ganges the lovely, nor Hermus cloudy with golden sand,
With Italy's glories may vie,

Her burden is heavy fruitage, with blood of the Massic vine
Is she filled; she is thronged with olives, she laugheth with herds of kine.

Shall I tell of her wave-washed coasts, of her western, her eastern sea,
Of her far-spread lakes? of thee, oh mighty Larius, thee,
Benacus, whose waves heave sea-like, and roar in stormy glee?

Hail, mighty mother of harvests! Hail, Saturnian soil,
Mother of Heroes! Thy story of old renown and of toil
I begin. I have dared to unseal the Muse's holy spring,
And the song that Hesiod sang through Roman towns do I sing."

Or again the well-known lines on the "Grand Old Gardener" of Galæus ("Georg." iv. 126):

"Some roods of unclaimed soil
Had he taken; too barren they were to be worth the ploughman's toil,
Too bare for the grazing of sheep, too stony for growing of vines;
Yet garden-herbs had he sown 'mid its thickets in wide-set lines,
And silver lilies he planted and slim-stemmed poppies around,
And, returning home in the gloaming, the wealth of kings he found
In contentment of heart, and his board with unbought banquets heaped.
First in the spring the rose, and in autumn the apple he reaped;
And, while scowling winter was cleaving the rocks with his frost-wedge still,
And was setting his curb of ice on the onward-racing rill,
He, he was already cropping the hyacinth silken-tressed,
Was challenging laggard summer and loitering winds of the west."

JANSENISM.

"The Enthusiasts of Port Royal." By Violet Rea.
London: Methuen. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

FOR many years the memories of Port Royal have exercised over English Churchpeople a special fascination, and the author of a good book on the subject (like the present) will probably obtain more Anglican readers than would the writer of an equally good volume on some period in the history of the Church of England. For this Anglican sympathy with the saints of Jansenism many reasons suggest themselves. Port Royal claims some of the noblest names of seventeenth-century France—Racine and Pascal, Mère Angélique and Jacqueline. It has proud memories of piety and penitence, of culture and of chivalry. Its children have been truly called the aristocrats of Catholicism. Moreover, they were condemned by Popes and harassed by Jesuits, while the destroyer of their sanctuary was that enemy of Protestant England, Louis XIV. Amid the ruins of Port Royal Anglican love of true religion and sound learning associates itself with English "no-Popery" prejudice in a lament over the fairest flowers of French Catholicism ruthlessly trampled underfoot by Bourbon tyranny and Jesuit malignity. In this view there is doubtless a great deal of truth. The destruction of Port Royal is one of the darkest stains on the memory of Louis XIV. Its motive was pure jealousy, and it was the precedent for the anti-clerical attacks on the cloister at the time of the great Revolution and in our own day. But in fairness it must be stated that there is another side to the case. It was no unworthy motive that made not only the Jesuits but men like Bossuet and Fénelon the opponents of the Jansenist idea. The Jansenist, so the Jesuit thought, was unscriptural, inasmuch as he did not desire the tares and wheat to grow together until the harvest, or at least until the crop was further advanced, while his semi-Calvinistic predestinarianism was an immoral doctrine of which the effect was to drive the average man or woman away from the Church. And it is true that the subsequent evolution of religion in France has in some way justified these forebodings. The reason why this fact is not generally recognised by Anglicans is that most of them are under the impression that (so far as the French Church was concerned) Jansenism perished as a spiritual influence when Port Royal des Champs was destroyed. The truth is that the Jansenist spirit remained a powerful influence in France to the time of the Revolution. Against the Voltairians and Encyclopædists it accomplished nothing; its representatives in the National Assembly of 1789 disendowed and struggled to Erastianise the Gallican Church. But worst of all, like a certain, but now happily rare, type of English Evangelicalism, Jansenism had the effect of alienating the average man from the sacraments of the Church. For the alienation of the laity in many districts in France is older than the Revolution, and commenced with the introduction of Jansenist teaching into the French pulpit. And we must also remember that the attitude of Port Royal to the papacy must have been intellectually an irritation to so logical a people as the French. To say that the Pope's condemnation of the famous five propositions of Jansen could not be accepted, not because the Pope was not the supreme judge of the Church, but because the propositions in question were not contained in Jansen's book, was to say that the Pope was the infallible judge of matters of faith; but that he was incompetent to construe a theological treatise. The Jansenists were fortunate that Blaise Pascal was not among their opponents. It has been no pleasure to us in this review to act as the advocatus diaboli against the saints of Miss Violet Rea's book. She has, however, put the case so brilliantly for Port Royal that we felt it a duty to show the other side. It remains to congratulate her on a brilliant contribution to ecclesiastical history. The history of Port Royal, its nuns and hermits, is well told, and our author is especially interesting when she touches on its aristocratic devotees, women like the

Marquise de Sablé and the Duchesse de Longueville, beauty, penitent and (if we may use a modern expression) suffragette. The story of Jacqueline Pascal has never been better told in English, and Mère Angélique is not allowed (as is the case in too many histories) to throw her sister Mère Agnès completely into the shade. On the third of the Arnauld sisters, Marie Claire, perhaps more might have been said. We could also wish that the author had dealt more at length with the influence of S. François de Sales on Mère Angélique and her nuns. It has always seemed to us that it is to S. François de Sales that Port Royal owed that ineffable charm which Madame de Maintenon called its unction. It grew less lovable when it passed under the rule of S. Cyran.

THE ONE AND THE MANY.

"Rights of Citizenship." By Sir William Anson and others. London: Warne. 1912. 3s. 6d.

"Union and Strength." By L. S. Amery. London: Arnold. 1912. 12s. 6d.

A SEVERE logician could make these two books the peg for a demonstration of the superiority of autocracy over Cabinet Government. In one of them Mr. Amery has written a series of essays about the Imperial question. They were written at different times, but now they have been brought together the reader feels himself confronted with a coherent body of doctrine and is conscious of a vigorous personality behind it. The other volume contains essays on the Constitutional question by a variety of eminent hands. It leaves an impression of almost unrelieved boredom. This is a serious matter. The authors of the book include several men to whom Unionists look for guidance; its subject, as Lord Lansdowne points out in an able preface, is of vital importance; and yet the book makes one wish that nothing more may be heard of the Second Chamber question. It misses its grip for two reasons. The first is that its contributors were apparently too distinguished to be edited. There is consequently a vast deal of overlapping. One writer gives a paragraph to a subject for which a reference would have sufficed since another author has worked it out. Poor Sir Robert Finlay is the worst sufferer. He has written quite a good essay, but pretty well everything in it is said either by Sir William Anson or by Dr. Dicey.

The second defect is far graver. There is no partisanship about these essays. With the exception of passages in the articles by Mr. F. E. Smith and Lord Willoughby de Broke, the whole work might be delivered as a course of lectures to Y.M.C.A. evening meetings. Politics which are all passion are bad; but politics which have no passion are worse. They are worse because they are futile. The way to make our people sweep the Parliament Act aside and establish a satisfactory Second Chamber is to convince them that the present situation is intolerable. All this book shows is that the Parliament Act is unprecedented and anomalous. That is not good enough. The English revel in anomalies and revere precedents when once they have been established. Instead of passion this book exhibits a second-rate academic quality. The most awful example is an essay by Lord Middleton on the House of Lords in the Civil War. Lord Middleton might have written it for his tutor in his undergraduate days.

Mr. Amery's book is altogether alive. It, too, however, would have gained by rather more vigorous editing. It has sometimes happened to Mr. Amery that when writing on some subject he has turned to his own previous work and has deliberately incorporated a paragraph. There are consequently repetitions in this book and there is one essay, that on Military Geography, which might have been omitted altogether. All that is best in it was taken over into the long and admirable article originally written for Lord Roberts' book on National Service. We are also rather doubtful about some of the shorter pieces at the end reprinted from the "Times". It is of the essence of journalism to be ephemeral.

For soundness and coherence of thinking the essays on defence stand first, especially the very able discourse on the relation of war to national life, delivered to an audience of Cambridge undergraduates, most of whom were probably familiar with Mr. Norman Angell's Cobdenite illusions. But the most stimulating part of the book is concerned with the political consolidation of the Empire. Arresting illustrations abound. For example, "As it stands to-day we make the policy and the Dominions have to face the consequences. . . Our whole policy in the Far East has been shaped by the Lancashire cotton interest and the votes behind it. It is for their sake, to protect their market in Northern China against Russian aggression, that we have helped to make Japan a first-class naval and military Power. Australia was never consulted in this policy. But, rightly or wrongly, Australia sees in the growth of Japanese power and Japanese ambition a possible menace to her very existence". Here again is a phrase which sums up the purport of the whole book: "We have all come to realise that the present system of Imperial Government, based on the supremacy of the United Kingdom, cannot last. What we have not realised sufficiently is that there must be some other definite system to take its place if there is to be an Empire at all". The reader who fears that this will be the prelude to one of those cast-iron schemes which look so well on paper will be agreeably disappointed. Mr. Amery is quite clear that we must advance towards Imperial Union by easy and tentative steps. He would begin by the creation of a separate Secretary of State for the Dominions, and he suggests that each Dominion Cabinet should have a corresponding officer whose business it would be to maintain constant relations between his colleagues and the Imperial Government. This step will soon be taken thanks to Mr. Borden. But we shall have to wait a long while for the realisation of Mr. Amery's project of occasional delegations from all the Parliaments of the Empire meeting to discuss the resolutions agreed to by the Prime Ministers in conference.

SCOTLAND YET!

"Scottish Life and Poetry." By Lauchlan MacLean Watt. London: Nisbet. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

"Ayrshire Idylls." By Neil Munro. Illustrated by George Houston. London: Black. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

WE have spent a very agreeable and instructive hour or two over Mr. Lauchlan MacLean Watt's "olla" of archaeology, history, and literary criticism entitled "Scottish Life and Poetry". The bearing upon his subject of his dissertation upon primitive man in Northern Britain is not quite clear; for there were no Scots in that land, and therefore no Scottish poetry, until Fergus Mor brought Scots from Erin in the fifth century to found a colony in Argyll; but it is very good reading for all that. We follow him less trustfully when, coming down to the eleventh century, he affirms that "there is a literature of song and legend in the northern land which was there before the Saxon and the Norman came". It is the present tense of the first verb that puzzles us here; that there was a literature of sorts is probable, but the only surviving specimen whereof we are aware is Adamnan's Latin life of S. Columba. All the rest has passed away. Mr. Watt is on firmer ground when he comes to deal with Thomas of Erceuldoune in the thirteenth century. "Vague and mysterious figure though he is—like a shadow walking in the borderland between realms of fancy and realms of truth—he yet was a historical fact." But why does he say that the Laird of Erceuldoune was called Thomas the Rhymer "in the happy way Scottish people had of nickname giving"? There is nothing either peculiarly happy or peculiarly Scottish in the matter-of-fact practice in all lands before surnames become fixed, whereby he who worked in iron got known as Gow in the Highlands, Smith in the Lowlands, Lefebvre in France, Ferrara in Italy, and so with other crafts.

One of Mr. Watt's best chapters is devoted to masterly criticism of Sir David Lyndsay's poems. Modern Scots are not well enough acquainted with the works of that searching satirist of the sixteenth century, nor with the dauntlessness of the bard who, at the risk of scaffold or stake, lashed with equal vigour the corruption of courtiers and the profligacy of priests.

While Mr. Watt assigns to Robert Burns "the highest manifestation of Scottish poetry", he has also a reverence for Sir Walter Scott's Muse, which is as well, for in these days Scott's poetry does not get even the recognition it deserves. "Scott represented in poetry a very different point of view in spirit and feeling from those which permeated the poetry of Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose souls were kindled by the enthusiasm awakened by the fall of the Bastille in 1789. They looked over the ruined walls and thought they saw the glory of liberty rising through a magic dawn. . . . Scott saw in the Revolution the passing of the glories of chivalry, the glamour of romance. So he dipped his brush in the gold of the setting sun, and every one of his pictures has the pathos of half-forgotten things about it. His Border streams run seaward with a sobbing undertone. He looks regretfully over his shoulder at the sunset land of 'Never! never!' which he has to leave behind. His greatest work deals with what is gone or going".

It is unlucky that, after pronouncing this "interlocutor", as they say in the Court of Session, Mr. Watt should misquote one of Scott's most inspiring stanzas, that which stands over the signature "Anon." at the head of chapter xxxiv. of "Old Mortality":

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!

To all a sensual world proclaim,

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name".

Mr. Watt renders the first line "Go! sound the clarion", thereby sacrificing the grace of repetition, so characteristic of the Border Muse, of which he commends the use made by Hamilton of Bangour; but he commits a still more grievous blunder in permitting the printer to give the last line—

"Is worth an age without an aim".

That comes, we suppose, of dictating to a typist without being sedulous in proof revision. Another equally awkward slip occurs, where "The Flowers of the Forest" is described as "a lament for the Selkirk men who fled at Flodden", instead of "who fell at Flodden".

Some omissions were inevitable in Mr. Watt's notices of minor Scottish poets, but how is Lord Macaulay admitted on the ground of his "purest Scottish descent", seeing that his mother was an Englishwoman of Bristol, and that he was born and educated in England; while no mention is made of Thomas Campbell, born in Glasgow of parents both named Campbell, and educated in his native town? We think also that Thomas Davidson, the "Scottish Probationer", deserved passing notice, were it only for his reverie "On the Cheviots":

"Oh western wind, so soft and low,

Long lingering by furze and fern,

Rise! from thy wing the languor throw,

And by the marge of mountain tarn,

By rushy brook and lonely cairn,

Thy thousand bugles take and blow

A wilder music up the fells.

Thy whispered spells!

About my heart I feel them twined;

And all the landscape far around

'Neath their still strength lies thrall'd and bound

The sluggard clouds, the loitering streams,

And all the hills are dreaming dreams;

And I, too, dream with them, Oh western wind".

A packet of studies and sketches by Dr. Neil Munro entitled "Ayrshire Idylls" has afforded Mr. George Houston occasion for executing some charming land-

scapes in water-colour and picturesque "thumbnails" in black and white. Both author and artist have caught the westland atmosphere, and between them have produced one of the most delectable gift-books possible. In "The Lion of the Covenant" Dr. Munro, with a few vigorous, yet delicate, touches brings to life Richard Cameron and Hackston of Rathillet, and leads them, with their grim band of Covenanters, to the closing tragedy on Airds Moss. Robert Burns, John Galt, Peden, and Claverhouse are dramatis personæ in other papers; also Dr. Johnson and Boswell. Johnson, however, ought not to have been made to look on Dundonald Castle as the home of "the Sovereign whom he playfully called King Bob, and who had been born and died there, with some animated hours between". Robert the Bruce was born at Turnberry and died at Cardross.

HELENA BRETT'S CAREER.

"Helena Brett's Career." By Desmond Coke. London: Chapman and Hall. 1913. 6s.

HUBERT BRETT, a young novelist who regards the literary art as his "job", at the age of thirty-five quarrels with his sister-housekeeper Ruth, and is informed by the friend of whom he takes counsel that he ought to marry. After regarding the suggestion from the point of view of the pseudo-literary man—that the artistic temperament cannot be limited by conventional domesticity—he bethinks himself of a sweet young, unformed, docile, innocent girl, whom he found recently in suitable seclusion, and decides that she is the requisite chattel for him. She leaps from the conventional restraint of her old-fashioned mother into his arms. He continues his artistic career as if he were unmarried, with completely self-centred interests. But his wife Helena, assisted by a tame cat in the shape of a young philandering artist, begins to develop an individuality. She writes a diary that is "only half fiction". This is discovered and carried off one day by the tame cat, who shows it to a publisher. In spite of herself, Helena agrees to anonymous publication; and as the book is obviously a naïve confession on the part of a selfish Author's Wife, it creates a furore. When the psychological moment arrives, at which it is commercially necessary that the identity of the selfish Author and his Wife should be revealed, the publisher, hitherto genuinely ignorant of the names, procures them from the tame cat by the process of making him drunk. Then the fat is in the fire. Hubert Brett can easily read between the lines: were he unable to do so, his friends would rub it in. He is mortified, chagrined, jealous, angry, surprised—and sends for his sister Ruth. She conceives her office of peace-maker to necessitate the influencing of Helena, through her sincere affection for her husband, into a state of domestic submission. Helena wavers awhile; but when Hubert confesses to her that he has at last realised his selfishness, she gives in—and they agree in future to collaborate and not to compete.

The theme, of course, is hardly original; we have read more than one magazine-story in which an author is outdone by his wife. But Mr. Desmond Coke is too sincere not to have introduced original additions to such a plot, and too skilled not to have elaborated the characters from their puppet stage. Indeed, certain scenes are very cleverly done; we particularly commend the scene between Helena and her mother when Hubert's proposal has been received. But in some respects Mr. Coke has overdone it; we cannot really believe in the stupidity of Hubert; the scene between the publisher and the inebriated tame cat is amusing, but the machinery creaks; and the finale is as cynically sentimental as is that of the "Princess"—"Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me". Moreover, we feel that he has missed his opportunity. It is quite clear from his attitude that he means both Brett and his wife to be concerned with suburban literature, and that neither has a true gift for writing; this falsity does not produce comedy, whereas slight alteration would have

made a fine tragedy. Mr. Coke has certainly observed very narrowly the milieu of the third-rate littérateur, and the scene where Brett is the guest of honour of the Lewisham "Kit-Kat Klub" has an appalling truth; we therefore feel the greater misgiving when the author of "The Bending of a Twig" and "The Pedestal" diverges with apparent ease into melodrama, or even what a sprightly dramatist has called melo-farce. Finally, one has an awkward suspicion, strengthening throughout this book, that Mr. Coke's views of the independence of women are reactionary; if we are right—as we trust we are not—he will never justly draw a woman, and that will limit his future work severely. But we should not risk even this warning had we not seen, in this book as in others of Mr. Coke's, evidence of individual power and a curious attractiveness in his outlook on contemporary life. A tendency to caricature, alike of people and episodes, prevents this book from being a fine one.

THE MINISTER OF MARY STUART.

"Maitland of Lethington." By E. Russell. London: Nisbet. 1912. 15s. net.

THE author of this new study of the life and times of Maitland of Lethington (styled Minister of Mary Stuart) states in his preface that the history of the Queen's reign has advanced considerably since the publication of Skelton's Biography of Maitland in 1887-8. A "fresh" study of the subject is therefore not superfluous, and Mr. Russell offers a "concise and truthful statement of the facts of history" founded mostly on the State papers, which, however, he admits to be the work of partisans. But we gather that parts of this book have been written for a long time, and that the author's convictions or prejudices on the subject of Queen Mary are far from recent.

It has been usually stated of Maitland that he was a double traitor, betraying at various times the interests of the Catholic and Protestant parties in Scotland. Mr. Russell suggests that in truth Maitland had a clear and definite object, which it was his continual effort to attain—namely, the Union of the English and Scottish Crowns and the establishment of an Anglican Church throughout the island. But if that be true, the title-page should be altered, for it certainly is not as "Minister of Mary Stuart" that such vindication is possible. He was not the Queen's Minister in the sense that she chose him, but he held a permanent office analogous to that of a Secretary of State, conferred upon him by Mary of Guise, whom he deserted. Whether Queen Mary would have selected him, or would have retained him as her secretary if she could have got rid of him, are questions of some difficulty. He certainly was not a Catholic, and he certainly was not an honest Protestant in the opinion of John Knox. That he was a patriot promoting the welfare of his country rather than of his mistress, Mr. Russell strives to believe. We doubt if he has convinced himself, and he has not convinced us.

We observe that of Maitland's early history Mr. Russell adds no new information. He was probably born in 1528, probably at Lethington, was possibly educated at Haddington Grammar School and at a Continental University. The Hamilton claim to the throne is referred to, but not explained. Huntly is called "Cock of the North", which we suppose to be an anachronism. A terse French proverb on page 17 is feebly translated, and the standpoint from which the author views the political situation is indicated by the sentence, "The Reformation in Scotland was due to the same causes which had produced similar results over the greater part of Christendom". We should like to be told in what other part of Christendom the established religion was absolutely annihilated, and what other country produced a John Knox. We know then what to expect when we approach the author's history of Queen Mary. In truth, Maitland is of interest, like Bothwell, because of his relation to the Queen, and the Queen, in addition to her personal

romance, is of greater interest because of her relation to the Catholic cause and the English throne. Mary was in her day the heroine of the Church, and it was felt then, and has been felt ever since, that to besmirch her chastity and destroy her honesty was of paramount importance to the Protestant cause; for whether the Queen was innocent or guilty of adultery and murder the character of her accusers is always at stake. That the Gospel of John Knox is true, that his motive was pure, whatever mistakes he made, is with Mr. Russell an axiom. Therefore that the supporters of Knox in their denunciation of an "idolatrous" religion (the professors of which had considerable property) were truthful and really believed in the wickedness of their Queen is to Mr. Russell's mind obvious. It would be dangerous then to accept the author as a guide. The more carefully a student ponders over the details of Mary's reign, the more difficult he will find it to believe that the actors were all striving for what they believed to be the truth. He will rather come to the conclusion that there was a depth of villainy on one side or the other almost exceeding belief. We cannot here deal with so vast a question. We consider rather whether the work before us is that of an accurate thinker. The expressions "another incident we owe to the State papers"... "D'Oysel was a choleric Frenchman"... "the wily Archbishop" at the beginning of the volume are not prepossessing. The introduction of adjectives impugning character is a mode of poisoning the wells constantly adopted—perhaps unconsciously—by polemical writers, and of this the author is not innocent.

Upon the whole, although Mr. Russell has made diligent use of State papers and of the works of recent authors, although he has written a picturesque and most interesting book, viewing a few eventful years from a Protestant standpoint, we cannot accept him as an authority. One very obvious inference he fails to perceive when commenting on the constant vacillation of Queen Elizabeth. Her warfare against the Catholicism of Rome was in Scotland compromised by her contempt for John Knox and his religion. As to Maitland, Mr. Russell admits at the outset that he accepted without scruple the rôle of a trimmer, but we prefer Mr. Hosack's summary: "No statesman ever enjoyed among his contemporaries a higher reputation for ability. Had he possessed less talent and more honesty it would have been far better for his country and himself".

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Foundations of a National Drama." By Henry Arthur Jones. London: Chapman and Hall. 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

These papers are encouraging. So many of the causes for which Mr. Jones has valiantly witnessed are in the ascendant. Mr. Jones has always been keenly in earnest about the theatre; and when first some of these lectures were delivered he might also be reasonably in despair. Take, for instance, the conditions of Shakespearian production. Mr. Jones asking for a conventional, as opposed to a pseudo-realistic, setting for Shakespeare, was formerly a voice in the wilderness. With Mr. Granville Barker at the Savoy it is otherwise. It is only fair, in reading these papers, to remember that they range from March 1904 to November 1912. Much that seems rather obvious to-day is only obvious from lapse of time. Moreover, these papers should be read as the collected opinions of a shrewd observer and an expert master of craft. They are not a critical treatise. Mr. Jones talks at ease. He must not be strictly bound to definition or exhaustively studied for inconsistencies. "It is often wiser", says Mr. Jones in his preface, "to keep a loose and easy mind."

"King's Cutters and Smugglers." By E. Kebble Chatterton. London: Allen. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

This is an excellent account, based on original sources, of 150 years of English smuggling. Mr. Chatterton has been admitted to the records of the Honourable Commissioners of Customs, and has ransacked the documents relating to revenue cutters and the preventive service. Most of us rely for our impressions of this period, its deeds and misdeeds, on the stories of Marryat. Mr. Chatterton's account is pure fact, but it is not therefore less good to

(Continued on page 276.)

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read. It is a plain tale well told, and appealing quite remarkably to the reader's fancy. Certainly this aspect of English sea history has been too long neglected. During the Napoleonic wars the Government was too much occupied to deal strongly with the smugglers. Every cliff was a beacon, every beach a landing-place, every seaside village a conspiracy to defeat the Customs. Mr. Chatterton tells many picturesque stories of the duello between the King's cutters and the smugglers, often better armed and stronger than the King's men. These stories do but season the very valuable chapters upon the equipment and methods of the service.

"A Colonial Governor in Maryland, 1753-1773." By Lady Edgar. London: Longmans. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

Lady Edgar has clearly been at considerable pains to get together all possible material bearing on the life of Horatio Sharpe, whose governorship of Maryland covered an interesting and critical period in British Colonial history. She carries the story down to his death in 1790, thus taking her reader through the War of Independence and far beyond his governorship. The value of her book is not in its record of some of the great events of the second half of the eighteenth century, but in the light it throws on the government of a proprietary colony. Maryland was the property of the profligate sixth Lord Baltimore, and the principles or lack of principles of the proprietor did not make the Governor's work easier. Socially Annapolis was an exceedingly entertaining place in Sharpe's day. It was said that no town in England of the same size could boast a greater number of fashionable and beautiful women. The old town, Lady Edgar tells us, has changed little in the last century and a quarter. It is still unique. If Lady Edgar has unearthed no documents of first-rate importance, she has at least put us in possession of letters and facts about the old Colonial days which make very pleasant and not unprofitable reading.

"Principles of Economics." By N. G. Pierson. Translated from the Dutch by A. A. Wetzel. Vol. II. London: Macmillan. 1912. 10s. net.

We noticed the first volume of this work when it appeared in translation some years ago; and the long interval between is partly excused by the translator by the "Fiscal Question" being suddenly sprung upon the country in 1903, and making demands on his time and energy; partly by the destruction of a considerable portion of the manuscript translation. In writing of the first volume we pointed out its value as a survey of economic principles, and spoke of the eminence of Dr. N. G. Pierson as an economist, as well as of his political experience as the head of a Dutch Government, which gave a practical direction to his treatment of economic principles. Those who have read the first volume will be disposed to read this second volume, which is distinguished by the same merits. At present the chapter on "Production and the Tenure of Land" is particularly serviceable both as an historical sketch and for its discussion of many matters relating to landlord and tenant, to nationalisation and taxation of land, which are now prominent. Of Part IV., on "The Revenues of the State", which deals with the general subject of taxation, we may say what is true of the whole book generally, that it gives the best possible text-book treatment as an introduction to the subject.

"The Complete Association Footballer." By B. S. Evers and C. E. Hughes Davies. London: Methuen. 1912. 5s. net.

Very little has been written about the science of the Association game, partly, perhaps, because it has largely fallen into hands—or should we say legs?—unworthy of it. Mr. Evers, who was playing recently for Cambridge against Oxford, has with his partner covered the ground of tactics thoroughly, and his book, which has, like others of "The Complete Series", excellent photographs, should be of use in teaching the niceties of the game, so far as they can be gathered from reading. A good many of the remarks and hints are so obvious as to be irritating and unnecessary, we should have thought, even for the Philistine whose brain does not work quickly. Thus we read: "The use of the wind must not be forgotten, and the forwards must know how to make use of any sort of wind". Most of the writing, however, is not so clumsy as this, and the diagrams are to the point. The system of the brothers P. M. and A. M. Walters at full back has, we are glad to see, special notice, for elsewhere the influence of modern professional play is dominant. Mr. E. E. Hopewell, a "blue" of last year, adds a chapter on "The Goalkeeper". That on "Amateurs and Professionals" leaves a good deal unsaid, but is sensible so far as it goes. At least it raises some objections to the professional referee.

"Paris and her Treasures", by Ethel E. Bicknell (Methuen, 5s. net), is a neat and excellent little guide. It is well written—where most guide-books, notoriously, are not written at all, but merely printed—and yet is efficient as a guide. It deals with the less familiar collections and monuments as well as with the Louvre and the Luxembourg. The map and its plan are simple and clear, and the little illustrations are quite to the point. It belongs to a capital and most handy series—"Books for Travellers".

We have received the first number of "The Oxford Fortnightly", a magazine published at 6d., which, to judge from the opening article upon "Oxford Journalism", issues as a protest against the levity of contemporary undergraduate literature. This manifesto is rightly conceived. Oxford must not be suffered to become a mere school for experts and the well-informed—culture rather than knowledge is the intention of Oxford.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15me Février.

M. Hanotaux, Academician and ex-Foreign Minister, writes on the lesson of Canada, over which he thinks Frenchmen can never ponder too deeply. He argues that the French Dominion in North America was founded on the right lines. The bad example of Spain was not followed; the Colony was not to be exploited for its wealth, but was to be made a new France. It is a new France, argues M. Hanotaux. There are two million Frenchmen in Canada to-day. But they are lost to France because the Government was apathetic, mean, and stupid. M. Hanotaux combats the view that Colonies are a weakness, and urges his countrymen to develop their Empire in North Africa. In his editorial notes M. Charmes discusses Anglo-German relations with much good sense. He points out that Admiral von Tirpitz' declaration is the first official cognisance taken of Mr. Churchill's speech of nearly a year earlier, and that it is absurd to talk of a naval agreement when two Powers accept a temporary formula which each is at liberty to abandon at any moment. As for Germany's reason for breaking silence now, M. Charmes thinks it partly a desire to conciliate British opinion in view of the Balkan complication, partly an attempt to clear the way for the impending Army Bill.

For this Week's Books see pages 278 and 280.

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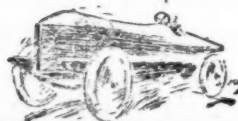
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London has to writhe under a duet from Mr. Lloyd George and the amazing Mr. Ure. London electors are to be asked to vote Progressive on Thursday, 6 March, next, so that the Land Campaigners may claim a victory. Mr. Lloyd George will shout from the mountain, while Mr. Ure echoes his words in the byways. Mr. Lloyd George will do wonders on the lute, while the notorious Lord Advocate will once more play the lyre.

The Progressives announce officially "Mr. Ure will take off his coat for this campaign". See to it that he takes nothing off you!

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AND THE
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- THE FINAL SOLUTION OF THE EASTERN QUESTION. By Sir HARRY H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.
- ROUMANIAN POLICY AND THE PEACE OF EUROPE. By J. ELLIS BARKER.

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- THE PRINCIPLE OF THE MINIMUM WAGE. By A. C. PIGOU (*Professor of Political Economy, Cambridge*).
THE TREND OF POLITICS IN SPAIN: A DIALOGUE. By BERNHARD WHISHAW.

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- CORRESPONDENCE: "THE GREAT DRAIN OF GOLD TO INDIA." By ALFRED NOYES.
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Stolen Waters: A Page in the Conquest of Ulster (T. M. Healy, M.P.). Longmans, Green. 10s. 6d. net.
Covent Garden: Its Romance and History (Reginald Jacobs). Simpkin. 6s. net.

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- The Public Schools Year Book (Edited by H. F. W. Deane). Year Book Press. 5s. net.
The Everyman Encyclopædia (Edited by Andrew Boyle). Dent. 1s. net.

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- The Culture of Vegetables and Flowers from Seeds and Roots (Sutton and Sons). Simpkin. 5s. net.
Helen of Troy (Andrew Lang). Bell. 3s. 6d. net.
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The Spanish Language as Now Spoken and Written (R. D. Monteverde), 4s. net; Exercises in Gas Analysis (Dr Hartwig Franzen), 2s. 6d. net; Experimental Hygiene (H. Victor Verrells), 2s. Blackie.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Man and His Future (Lieut.-Col. Sedgwick). Part II. Griffiths 6s. net.
Nature Myeticism (J. Edward Mercer). Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
Une Nouvelle Psychologie de l'Impérialisme (Louis Estève). Paris: Librairie Félix Alcan. 2fr. 50c.
Problems of Life and Production (Marcus Hartog). Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

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- French Prophets of Yesterday: A Study of Religious Thought under the Second Empire (Albert Leon Guérard). Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.
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(Continued on page 280).

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THE Twenty-third Annual General Meeting of Harrod's Stores, Limited, was held yesterday on the premises of the company, in Brompton Road, S.W., Sir Alfred J. Newton, Bart., Chairman of the company, presiding. The Secretary (Mr. R. H. Griffith) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said that before moving the resolutions which were before the meeting he would follow the usual course of going through the report and accounts. Taking first that most interesting account, the profit and loss account, they would find that in almost every item they had substantial increases. Rent, rates, taxes, water, and lighting showed an increase of £2818; salaries, wages, maintenance of staff, etc., showed the large increase of £31,113. In connection with that particular item he thought it would be idle to ignore the fact that such expenses as wages and labour were much more likely to increase than to diminish. The other increases were only proportionate to the increase in the business which the company had done in the past year. Despite lockouts, strikes, and various other drawbacks, the trade of the company had been, and was, showing a very large increase indeed. It was not in those circumstances unreasonable to assume that had those detracting influences been absent the ratio of their increase would have been on a much larger scale. However, they could look forward to that in the future, because it was to be hoped that they might have a period of restful business—a business not harassed by continual sources—sometimes by worse than scores, by actual experience. They would note on the expenses side a sum of £2340 in connection with the National Health and Unemployment Act for the half-year. That Act, accordingly, was going to cost the company £5000 a year. It was the law of the land, and they had to comply with it, but he would like to point out that in spite of that enforced contribution they were intending still to continue to supplement their pension, benevolent, and social fund. There was an item in the accounts Littleton Park Farm, rents and rates £1172. In future that item would disappear, as the Metropolitan Water Board had acquired their farm, and they would receive compensation. The actual outcome of the accounts was that they were carrying to net profit the sum of £269,124, or something like £12,000 more than last year. In the balance sheet they would note that the capital item remained as before while the balance of the reserve fund, which last year stood at £1,146,367, would, after the addition for the year under review of the amount according to the Articles of Association, reach the figure of £1,166,769. The question also cropped up as to what their reserve fund represented. They had a matter of £137,000 in so-called gilt-edged securities, which had an unfortunate knack of constantly depreciating in value, and so year by year becoming of less worth, but the great bulk of their reserve was in their own property. A very great portion of it was in freehold, and that property, so far from depreciating, he thought he was within bounds when he said it had enormously appreciated. Accordingly their reserve fund, nominally standing at the amount he had mentioned, was, in reality, of considerably greater value. On the debit side of the balance sheet they would note the pension fund. That for the managers and buyers stood at £20,210, or £226 more than the previous year. To that the employees and the company contributed equal moieties. The company also allowed interest at the rate of 4 per cent. upon the fund. To the staff fund of £8499 only the company contributed. There were no contributions made by the staff, and they had already on those funds several old employees to whom they were paying pensions. They could readily understand that in a house of their character, which was celebrating its twenty-third year, there were a number of workpeople who had borne the brunt and burden of the day and found themselves unable to further continue their work. Their claims were considered, and they were pensioned by the company. He thought, to some extent, they were performing their duty and carrying out their obligations in a liberal manner, and he hoped that view would commend itself to the shareholders. Then they might note the sinking fund, to which during the year £13,660 had been added as a charge against profits. On the other side of the balance sheet were their assets and expenditure, and he might draw their attention to the fact that during the year they had made an outlay on the property, leasehold and freehold, of nearly a quarter of a million of money. The greater portion of that—some £160,000—had been expended on their own freehold property. The stocks stood at what many people would regard as a very large sum—over half a million of money. Something like £60,000 had been added to the stocks during the year. The greater portion of that added on was in their jewellery department, their silver department, and their fur department, with the various other departments in the house. In connection with their jewellery department he thought they might claim that they showed one of the finest stocks in London. As to their fur department, they had the advantage of purchasing their stocks direct, and of making up their furs on the premises, so that really they ought to be in a position to do the fur trade—and they were doing a very large fur trade—as well, he would not say better than, but as well as any house in Europe. Then, in order to carry on their increased furniture business, they had had to increase that stock, and he thought he might claim for that particular department that it was worthy of Harrod's, and undoubtedly displayed one of the finest shows in London. He thought that their carpet department could certainly not be excelled, if equalled, by any house in Europe. Further, their antique department had been supplemented to a very great extent, and then occupied a considerable space. It was no idle boast to say that that department was attracting buyers from all over Europe, and that a very large business was being done. Then with reference to one of their assets—namely, horses, vans and motors, standing at £27,467—he might say as showing the great progress of the business, that they had added during the past year no fewer than thirty-seven motors to their fleet. It might be interesting to learn in that connection that the increased cost of petrol, before the recent advance, was costing them no less than £100 a week. They were still maintaining the same rate of depreciation, and are very rapidly writing off their motors. In fact, they had motors doing full service which really stood in their books at nil, so rapidly had they been depreciated and written off. Then next there was one little matter to which he might refer, and that was the somewhat irksome Shop Act under which they had come during the past year. The company, he claimed, were absolutely pioneers of early closing. Without any external pressure they had voluntarily commenced to reduce their hours. In the first place, they had closed on Saturday at 2 o'clock and on the rest of the week at half-past 6, whilst since 1 October, 1911, and before the Shop Hours Act came into operation, before any pressure came into operation they had been closing at 1 o'clock on Saturdays and on weekdays at 6 o'clock. In spite of these concessions they were now compelled to errant to each of their employees his half-day's holiday. There had been times before when their assistants and workpeople joined with them in meeting pressure in busy times, such as sale times or during Christmas week, but under the Act they were compelled however busy they might be, to afford to each assistant his half-day's holiday in each particular week. They could neither antedate nor postdate the holiday, and to that extent they felt that the Shops Act, beneficial though it might be, was somewhat irksome. During the year they had opened a new branch at Buenos Ayres, namely, on 26 August. They considered that theirs

was one of the best-fitted places in Buenos Ayres, and Mr. Burbidge, who went out there last October, was very much impressed with the possibility of doing a large trade there. It might be necessary to have to materially extend that business. In the meantime, as they were aware, this property belonged exclusively to the company; the company held the whole of the capital excepting some eight shares, which were necessarily assigned to signatories in order to come under the Limited Liability Act. Then he had the usual reports from the auditors, stating that they had made exhaustive examinations of the stocks and that they were perfectly satisfied, and that the values as returned were correct. They also reported in cash balances—how that they had made periodical visits, which were not at all at fixed times; he believed that they were called "incidental" visits, and that they had had full rights and liberties to exhaustively inquire into every department where cash was handled, received, or paid. Those reports were in every sense fully satisfactory. They had also had a report on the company's properties, stating that the whole of the title deeds were in the possession of the company, and that the share register department was fully charged. The whole of the company's freehold and leasehold properties were absolutely unencumbered. He thought he had now touched upon all the salient features of the report, and he would therefore move that the report and accounts as presented be received and adopted, and that the dividends recommended therein be duly paid.

Mr. Edgar Cohen seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Richard Burbidge, managing director, then moved a resolution approving of the allocations to the different funds mentioned in the report. He remarked that they had a most trying half-year in the earlier part of the year, when the strikes were on, and therefore nearly as their profit was made in the second half of the year. As would be imagined, it entailed a very great deal of work on the part of the officers of the company and the staff generally to keep up the figures in the way they had been kept up. He therefore thought the allocation to the pension and other funds had been well earned, and he had not the slightest hesitation in asking the shareholders to adopt the proposals which the board suggested to the pension funds and also to the benevolent fund. With regard to the contribution to the athletic association, they had been very successful in their matches, and the number of cups they had won was very creditable to the members. As regarded the contribution to the benevolent fund, that was used to give contributions to the hospitals and other charitable institutions. For instance, they had the children of some of their staff partaking of free education and other benefits. After these contributions were made it would leave £11,000 odd to go to the reserve, besides the enormous increase brought about by their freeholds, which had appreciated very much in the twenty odd years they had held them. The value of property in that neighbourhood had nearly doubled in that time.

Mr. O'Connell seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

The retiring directors and auditors were re-appointed.

The Chairman then moved the following resolutions:—

1. That the capital of the company be increased to £1,101,400, by the creation of 100,000 new ordinary shares of £1 each.

2. That such 100,000 new shares be issued on the footing that they are to rank for dividend and in all other respects *pari passu* with the existing 500,000 ordinary shares of the company, and upon the footing that (subject to the passing of a resolution by a meeting of the holders of the founders' shares consenting to the passing of this resolution) as from the time when such 100,000 new shares or any of them are issued the surplus net profits of the company of each year which shall remain after paying the 8 per cent. dividend on the ordinary shares as provided by paragraph (b) of clause 7 of the memorandum of association shall be carried as to 10 per cent. thereof to the reserve fund specified in paragraph (c) of the same clause, and that of the remainder one moiety (after deducting therefrom the sum of £5000 and such further sum (if any) not exceeding £5000 as shall remain after providing for the payment to the holders of founders' shares of dividends for the year to the amount of £81,496) shall belong to the holders of the founders' shares and the residue or other moiety thereof (plus the sum of £5000 and the further sum (if any) to be deducted as aforesaid) shall belong to the holders of the ordinary shares and be dealt with in accordance with the memorandum of association of the company.

3. That the directors be and they are hereby authorised to issue such 100,000 new shares at such times, in such numbers, at such premiums, and generally on such terms as they shall think fit.

4. That all premiums obtained upon the issue of such new shares after payment of the expenses of, and relating and preliminary to, the issue and allotment of such new shares (including underwriting commissions and brokerage), be carried to the reserve fund of the company.

In proposing the resolutions, he said that shareholders would appreciate that they required some additional capital, and they proposed to issue that, as would be seen, in the form of £100,000 in ordinary shares. The growth of the company had been phenomenal, and it was the continued growth which necessitated provision for carrying on the business. They had very valuable space which was devoted to other purposes than the main purposes of the company—that was to say, to the despatch of goods and the receipt of goods—and the intention was to divert that portion of the business to other premises and occupy the space in the main building for more remunerative business by converting it to the selling of goods. Of course that could only be done by the expenditure of money. They had been fortunate enough to secure a very large site of nearly two acres very close to their present premises, and that site would provide for their requirements for many years to come for the receipt and despatch of goods and generally for the advancement of the company's prosperity. A portion of that site was vacant, and a portion of it was interest bearing, there being houses upon it which were let, and which were likely to improve in rental, and therefore, having secured that property, they now required the means to develop it, and not only did they require money for that purpose, but they also wanted funds to pay for the expenditure that would be necessary, and also to pay off the loans from the bank. He thought it might fairly be assumed from their past history that they were very likely indeed to utilise the proceeds of the 100,000 shares in a manner conducive to the best interests of the company. He therefore asked the shareholders to pass the resolutions as proposed.

Mr. Herbert Bennett seconded the resolutions.

In answer to a question, the Chairman said they would take care to reserve preferential consideration for the present shareholders who applied for shares.

Mr. Badwin and Mrs. Smeon thought the founders' shareholders received too much in the way of dividends as compared with the ordinary shareholders, and an amendment was moved that the founders' shareholders should be asked to allow a larger proportion of the profits to be allocated to the ordinary shareholders.

The Chairman pointed out that the allocation was fixed by an agreement, and he thought they could not ask the founders' shareholders to do more than was proposed. They had made the agreement and must abide by it. He pointed out that at first the founders' shares got no dividend at all.

Other shareholders thought the ordinary shareholders had no cause to complain, and pointed out that those who held ordinary shares could benefit their position by buying founders' shares.

In answer to a question, the Chairman said they had an overwhelming number of proxies in favour of the scheme as proposed.

The amendment was then withdrawn, and the resolutions as proposed were carried.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

MESSRS. SELFRIDGE AND CO.**A RAPIDLY GROWING BUSINESS.**

The Annual Meeting of Selfridge and Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday, Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge (Chairman and Managing Director) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. William Miles, F.C.I.S.) read the notices.

The Chairman said: At the close of our fiscal year on January 31st last this house was three years ten and a-half months old, and for the last twelve months we have made a net profit, after all expenses of every kind and nature have, of course, been charged, of £104,029 2s. 2d., being more than double the profit of the year before. I repeat the statement which accompanied our balance sheet—namely, our returns have increased practically every trading day of the year over any corresponding day in the history of the business, and substantially every one of the 130 departments has established new records. This increase in returns and this excellent gross profit are not the result of a few large individual transactions, but are acquired instead through day by day trading with an enormous and constantly increasing number of customers scattered throughout London, its suburbs, and, in fact, all over Great Britain. In the tremendous number of customers lies one of the strengths of a great distributing house like this—a so-called department store—because its business is spread over so wide an area that local difficulties or individual differences are not likely seriously to affect it. This £104,000 is equal to more than five times the amount of our annual debenture interest, which interest, I may say by the way, has been very much more than met by the amount saved during the past year in our cash discounts alone. As has already been stated on our balance sheet, we shall, of course, pay the debenture interest and preference dividend, leaving a balance to be dealt with of £60,000, an amount which equals 12 per cent. on our ordinary shares. Had we chosen to declare a dividend upon these shares, which we hold privately and will not offer for sale, we could have done so, but nothing is further from our minds. We shall, instead, use the entire amount in removing or reducing two or three items on the credit side of our balance sheet, whose presence there has never been very agreeable to us. The item of underwriting commission, &c., amounting to £20,000, disappears entirely, while the item of preliminary outlays and expenses, which about a year ago was £103,000, is now reduced to £63,000, and will be completely removed in the near future. The item of fixtures, fittings, &c., is reduced by £3500, and this, together with other similar items, will, before long, be further sharply reduced, not that they are not worth the amount at which they stand, but because we believe in depreciating, as a matter of conservative financial management, everything that we can. Inasmuch as we have no present desire to pay ourselves dividends, but prefer to hold the money in the business, depreciation becomes only a matter of bookkeeping, and means that one is not trying to deceive oneself. If I may adapt to our requirements an expression of a famous newspaper owner, made at a recent banquet, I may say that in the general conduct of this business we are Radical. In the treatment of customers we are extremely Liberal, but in the management of our finances we are decidedly Conservative. It will also be noticed that we have begun this year the agreeable duty of redeeming our debentures—£7000 having been paid off and cancelled during the past twelve months, and a similar amount, or more, will be retired each year hereafter. One more point to which I may refer is the matter of additional money, which may be required from time to time for a rapidly growing business such as this is. We have not at this moment any thought whatever of making fresh issues. We prefer instead year by year to retain our profits, or as much as may be necessary, and let them supply whatever added money may be required. It is on the principle of the snowball, which enlarges as it is pushed along the ground. We prefer to allow the accumulated snow to remain attached to the ball, and thus see it grow greater and greater, rather than to scrape off this fresh layer of snow each time the ball rolls over. Our profits, therefore, will take care of our requirements for more and continually more money which will be needed in this business. In referring to our expenses, I may say that because of the great increase in returns, they have shown a corresponding decrease in percentage under those of any previous year. It is safe to add that our expenses are well in hand, and never will run away with this business. Our gross profits per cent. are, as last year, as we wish them. By constant improvements in buying, by making buying more of a science and less of a trade, by making this house more of a market and thus attracting the attention of makers from all over Europe, and even further afield, we have been able to obtain and to offer continually better and greater values and still maintain our reputation of naming "London's lowest prices—always"—a position we shall sacrifice under no circumstances. Twelve months ago we ventured to express strong hopes that the year then ahead of us would be decidedly better than its predecessor. These expectations have materialised, and now, at the beginning of another new year, we again are so bold as to feel a confidence, which is inspired by a certain degree of success—a confidence that this year of 1913 will in its results overtop handsomely the year of 1912. To this end we shall at least bend our energies and our determination. In conclusion, he moved the adoption of the report and balance sheet and the payment of a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, less income tax, on the preference shares for the year ended March 31st, 1913.

Mr. B. F. Popham seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

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